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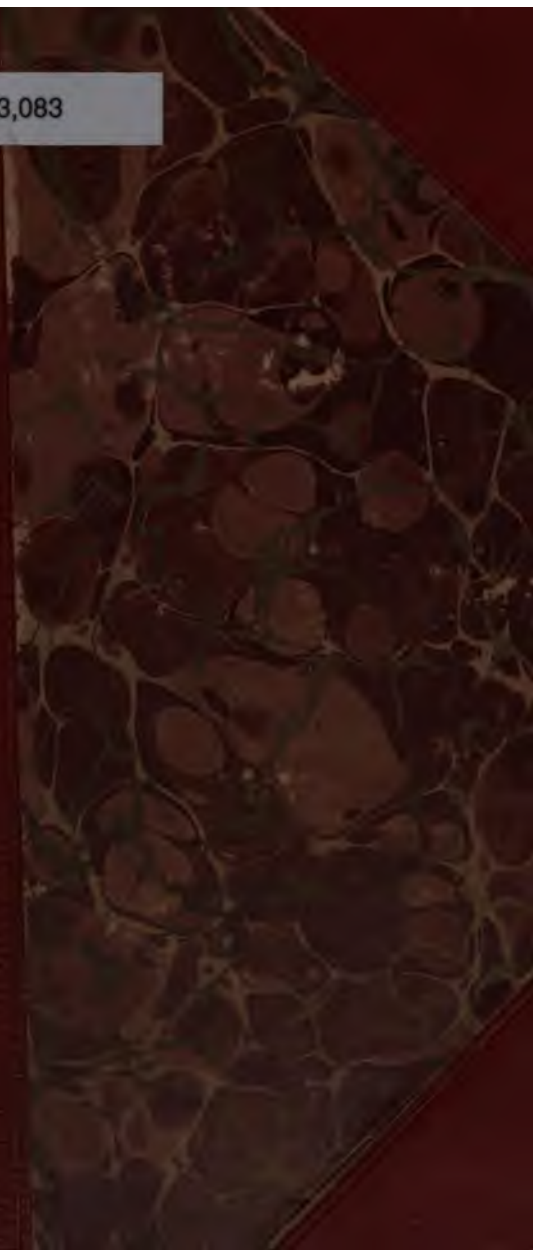
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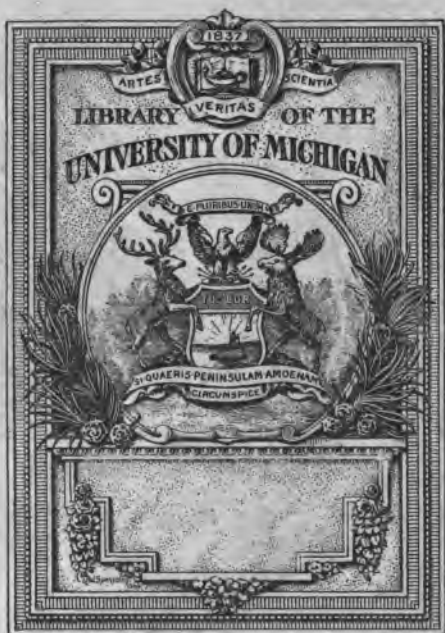
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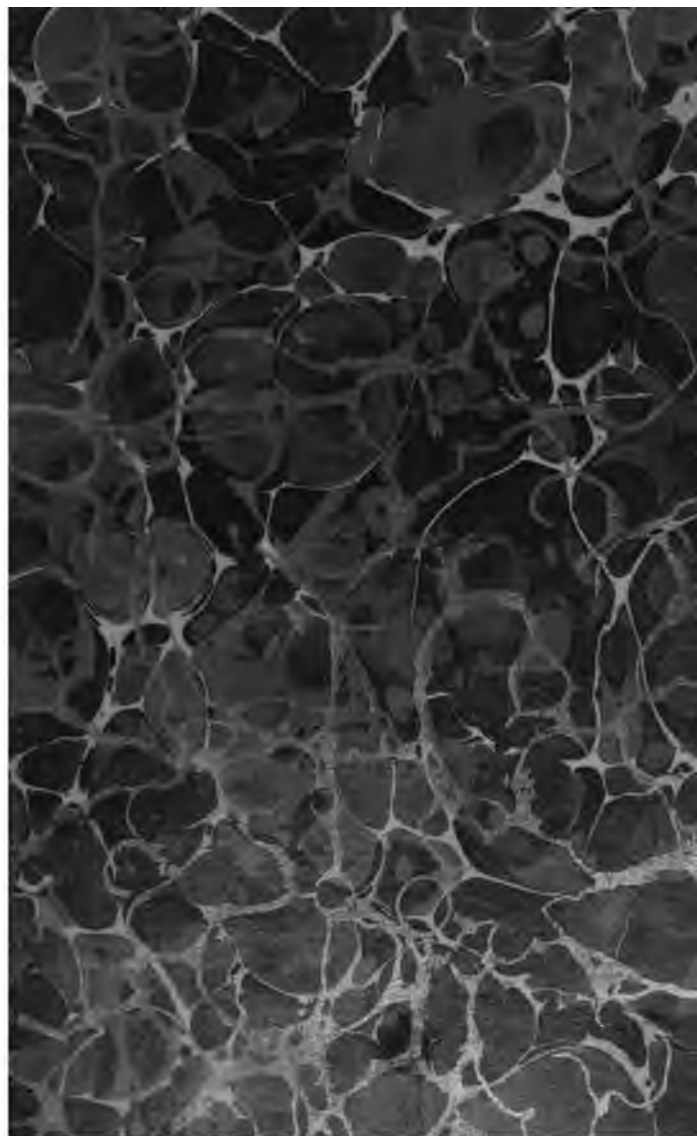
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English Reprints.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

*Castara.*

THE THIRD EDITION OF 1640; EDITED AND  
COLLATED WITH THE EARLIER ONES OF 1634, 1635.

BY

EDWARD ARBER,

*Affociate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.*

LONDON:

5 QUEEN SQUARE. BLOOMSBURY. W.C.

*Ent. Stat. Hall.]*

14 April 1870.

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## INTRODUCTION.



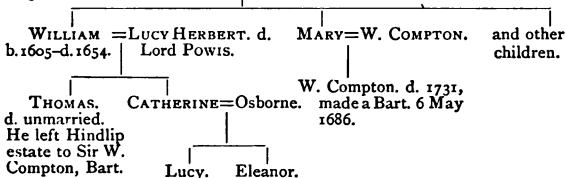
**T**He old English family of HABINGTON, ABINGDON, HABINGTON, or ABINGTON traced their pedigree beyond the reign of Henry III., to PHILIP DE HABINGTON, of Abingdon, co. Cambridge: but that branch of the family from which our Poet sprang, descended from RICHARD HABINGTON, of Brokhampton, whose *third* son JOHN was coiffeser to Queen Elizabeth. This JOHN HABINGTON, our Poet's grandfather, bought Hindlip Hall, an estate beautifully situated about four miles from Worcester. He married twice. By his second wife he had two sons, THOMAS; and EDWARD, who was executed for Babington's plot in 1586.

Anthony-a-Wood gives this account of THOMAS HABINGTON. He 'was born at Thorpe near to Chertsey in Surrey, on the 23 Aug. 1560, (at which time and before the manor thereof belonged to his father) and at about 16 years of age he became a commoner of Lincoln Coll. Where spending about three years in academical studies, was taken thence by his father and sent to the universities of Paris and Rheimes in France. After some time spent there in good letters, he return'd into England, and expressing and shewing himself an adherent to Mary qu. of Scots (who plotted with Anth. Babington against qu. Elizabeth) was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where continuing six years, he profited more in that time in several sorts of learning, then he had before in all his life. Afterwards he retired to Hendlip (the manor of which his father had settled upon him) took to wife Mary the eldest daughter of Edward lord Morley by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley knight, lord Mounteagle; and at riper years survey'd Worcestershire, made a collection of most of its antiquities from records, registers, evidences both private and public, monumental inscriptions and arms. . . . At length, after he had lived to the age of 87 years, surrendered up his pious soul to God at Hendlip near Worcester on the 8th October 1647, and was buried by his father in a vault under the chancel of the church there.' *Ath. Oxon. iii. 222. Ed. 1817.*

Hindlip Hall was full of lurking places. T. NASH in his *Hist. of Worc. i. 585-7*, gives a transcript of *Ashmole's MSS. Vol. 804, fol. 93.* at Oxford: which is a most graphic description of a search, *for eleven nights and twelve days*, in Jan. 1605, through the house: wherein Garnett the Jesuit and others were discovered, who were afterwards executed.

### 2. THOMAS HABINGTON = MARY PARKER, d. of Lord MORLEY.

3 b. 1560—d. 1647. æt. 87. [Mary Habington is said to have written the letter revealing the Gunpowder Plot.]



3. Wood's account of our Poet is perhaps the most authentic. "WILLIAM HABINGTON, was born at Hendlip, on the fourth [So have I been instructed by letters from his son Tho. Habington esq.: dated 5 Jan. 1672.] (some say the fifth) day of November 1605, educated in S. Omers and Paris; in the first of which he was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the Jesuits, but by excuses got free and left them. After his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. . . . This person, Will.



Habington, who did then run with the times, and was not unknown [what does Wood mean by this ?] to Oliver the usurper, died on the 30th of November 1654, and was buried in the vault before-mentioned by the bodies of his father and grand-father. The MSS. which he (and his father) left behind, are in the hands of his son Thomas, and might be made useful for the public, if in others."—*Ath. Oxon.* iii. 223. *Ed.* 1817.

4. The Habingtons were connected with the Talbots through the above RICHARD HABINGTON'S second son RICHARD HABINGTON, whose granddaughter ELEANOR BASKERVILLE married JOHN TALBOT of Longdon: and became the mother of (1) JOHN, Lord TALBOT 10th Earl of SHREWSBURY, who succeeded his bachelor uncle GEORGE TALBOT, the 9th Earl (lamented by our Poet at *p.* 77) on his death, 2d April 1630: (2) of GEORGE TALBOT, our author's bosom friend, who died young and unmarried: and of other children.

5. The second son of the Earl of PEMBROKE, Sir WILLIAM HERBERT, was created on 2d April 1629, 1st Baron POWIS. He had three children by ELEANOR, youngest daughter of HENRY PERCY, 10th Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, Sir PERCY HERBERT, CATHERINE HERBERT, and LUCY HERBERT. This Lucy Herbert is *Castara*.

6. A concurrence of allusions would seem to fix Habington's marriage with Lucy Herbert, between 1630 and 1633: later than which it cannot be: as the anniversary of his wedding day is celebrated in verse, at *p.* 80. Most of the poems relate to

And my *Castara's*.

There is in the arrangement a slight thread of continuity. We are to realize the young Englishman, of good family, possibly not unhandsome, wooing—with a culture and grace acquired in France—the young English beauty; possibly under some disadvantage, being neither possessed of high station nor large fortune; and the lady's father too having just been made a Peer. The wooing beginning in town, migrates to Marlow.

See, he from Marlow sends

His eyes to *Seymours*. *p.* 41.

The lovers meeting 'under the kind shade of this tree' is noticed. In sum, the details of a pure courtship leading up to a happy marriage.

In "*Wits Recreations*, Selected [by the bookseller Humphry Blunden] from the Finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. London, 1640:" is the following.

19. *To Mr William Habington on his Castara, a Poem.*

Thy Muse is chaste and thy *Castara* too,  
'Tis strange at Court, and thou hadst power to woo  
And to obtain (what others were deny'd)  
The fair *Castara* for thy vertuous bride:  
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be,  
Fair issues branch from both, to honor thee.

Again, the after incidents of life are alluded to, in the poems; *Castara* has a fever but she recovers, she mourns over the loss of friends, and the like: while, the brightness and fancifulness of this earlier poesy but reflect the happiness of the Poet's home.

7. There are also songs of Friendship. As where he reproaches his bosom friend Talbot for not having seen him for three days, at *p.* 39, or where he consoles him for the hard usage he has received from that jilt *Astrodora*, at *p.* 82: and most of all, in the eight passionate Elegies over his decease.

8. Occasionally there is a bit of lashing satire, as that against the cravings of Poets, at *p.* 50: or of dry humour, as in

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale  
Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale  
Say grace in Latine, while I faintly sing  
A Penitentiall verse in oyle and Ling. *p.* 64.

9. Lastly: strangely intermingled are Requiems over the mortality of Man, the vanity and uncertainty of all things. leading almost to a disgust with life. Of this he thus gives the key-note in saying at *p.* 114, 'To live he knows a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not

doates on life.' To this frame of thought may be opposed the keen wise saying of a great contemporary: Selden.

"Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, &c., and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?"—*Table Talk*, p. 84. *Ed.* 1867. Our wisdom is to recognise the representations of Habington, and to live in the spirit of Selden: thus 'using the world as not abusing it'

William Habington's works were published in the following order:—

1634. *Castara*. First edition in 4to.  
 1635. *Castara*. Second edition in 12mo.  
 1639-40. *Castara*. Third edition in 12mo.  
 1640. The Historie of Edward the Fourth, King of England. By Wm. Habington Esquire. London. Fol.  
 1640. *The Queene of Arragon*. A Tragi-Comedie. London. 1640. Represented at Court and at Black Fryers. It was revived at the Restoration, with a Prologue and Epilogue by S. BUTLER. See *Remains*. *Ed.* by Thyer. It is reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ix. 333. *Ed.* 1825.  
 1641. *Observations upon Historie*. London. These historical notes are six in number, upon as many points in modern History.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

With FIRST LINES, &c. of the three first editions, showing the growth of the work.

### (a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

#### I. As a separate publication.

1. "CASTARA, &c. LONDON, Printed by Anne Griffin for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop neare Furnivals Inne gate in Holburne. 1634. 4to."

Perfectly anonymous: all names being represented by initials. It consists of only two Parts, each having a separate title page; in which Parts are contained the following:

#### CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.

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i. The Author. [A Prose Preface]	11
ii. G[EO]RGE T[ALBOT]. Not in the silence of content, and store	14
iii. FIFTY-THREE Poems, by WILLIAM HABINGTON.	
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2. I saw <i>Castara</i> pray, and from the skie,	17
3. Yee blushing Virgins happie are	18
4. By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light	18
5. Where am I? not in heaven: for oh I feele	19
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14. Learned shade of <i>Tycho Brache</i> , who to us, . . . . .	26
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17. You younger children of your father stay, . . . . .	27
18. Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise . . . . .	28
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21. <i>Cupids</i> dead, who would not dye, . . . . .	30
22. Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame, . . . . .	30
23. <i>Arapphill</i> . Dost not thou <i>Castara</i> read . . . . .	31
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34. Faire Mistrresse of the earth, with garlands crown'd, . . . . .	37
35. With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme, . . . . .	38
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60. She is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death, . . . . .	62
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66. <i>Castara</i> ! O you are too prodigall . . . . .	67
67. I heard a sigh, and something in my eare . . . . .	68
68. You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame . . . . .	68
69. Why should we build, <i>Castara</i> , in the aire . . . . .	69
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*A R A*. The Second Edition. Corrected and Augmented. London. Printed by *B. A.* and *T. F.* for *Will. Cooke*, and are to be seen in his shop neare *Furnivals-Inne* gate in *Holburne*, 1635. 12mo." In the second edition, the authorship is avowed by means of a new heading poem, at *p.* 14. It still consists of but two Parts, each with a Preface, but is augmented by three Characters in prose and twenty-six Habington.

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Second Edition in 12mo: with Titles, Characters, and Poems arranged here reprinted. For titles, see *pp.* 9, 55, 111. There are no additions to the first two parts: but there is added an entire Third Part.

## CASTARA. THIRD PART.

- i. A CHARACTER. *The Holy Man.* 112
- ii. TWENTY-TWO Poems, chiefly Sacred, with mottoes from the Vulgate. We have here given the equivalent passages in the Authorized version: inserting between [ ] the Douay version where it more closely follows the Latin of the Vulgate.
116. *O Lord, open thou my lips.* Ps. li. 15. No monument of me remaine 115
117. *My harp also is turned to mourning.* Job xxx. 31. Love! I  
no orgies sing 116
118. *I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.* 1 Cor. i. 19. Forgive  
my envie to the World; while I 118
119. [*Declare unto me the fewnes of my days,* Douay]. *He shortened my days.* Ps. cii. 23. Tell me O great All knowing God 119
120. *Not unto us, O Lord.* Ps. cxv. 1. No marble statue, nor high 120
121. *The graves are ready for me.* Job xvii. 1. Welcome thou  
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126. *Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.* Ps. cxlviii. 1. You  
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129. *My God, my God.* Ps. xxii. 1. There is that foole Philosophie 131
130. [*For I am ready for scourges,* Douay]. *For I am ready to  
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135. *I will be sorry for my sin.* Ps. xxxviii. 18. In what darke  
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136. *I shall go softly all my years.* Is. xxxviii. 15. Time! where  
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137. *Having a desire to depart.* Phil. i. 23. The soule which doth  
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## II. With other Works.

None.

## (b) Issues since the Author's death.

## I. As a separate publication.

6. 14 April 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1. This Edition follows No. 3 as to the arrangement of the Poems, &c.: but has been corrected with the earlier editions when ever in spelling or punctuation the former were the better readings. In doubtful cases, the earlier variations are shown in footnotes.
5. [1812.] Bristol. Habington's *Castara*, with a preface and notes by CHARLES A. ELTON. [A reprint of No. 3.]

## II. With other Works.

4. London. 1810. *The Works of the English Poets.* Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 vols. 8vo. F.S.A. Vol. iv. 437-482 contains a Reprint of No. 3.

## III. Selections, &amp;c.

One or more of these Poems will be found in the Selections of Ellis, H. Headley, *The Lyre of Love*, E. Sandford's *British Poets*, &c. &c.

# CASTARA:

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—*Carmina non prius  
Audita, Musarum facer-  
dos Virginibus.*—

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The third Edition.  
Corrected and augmented

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L O N D O N  
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Will.  
Cooke*: and are to be sold at his  
Shop neere *Fernivals-Inne* Gate  
in *Holburne*. 1640.



## *The Author*



He Presse hath gathered into one, what fancie had scattered in many loose papers. To write this, love stole some houres from businesse, and my more serious study. For though Poetry may challenge if not priority, yet equality with the best Sciences, both for antiquity and worth ; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine neighbour,) <sup>1</sup>wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is whollymployed in the soft straines of love, his soule who entertaines it, loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakned most by its dalliance, and when woman, (I meane onely as she is externally faire) is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad superstition, when it<sup>2</sup> adores that Idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pittied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares imployment, then some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the Sacred name of Poets : To which as I beleeeve they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme, than a fame, begot in adultery of study ; I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the Theame is

<sup>1</sup> she wantons too much. 1635.

<sup>2</sup> she adores. 1635.



worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate, nor was my invention ever finifter from the ftraite way of chaſtity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may ſafely contemne the battery of the waves, and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmeſt ſtructures ſhall it ſelfe be ruinated, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye in its ſurvey, was ſatiſfi'd, even to curioſity, yet did not my ſearch reſt there. The Alabaſter, Ivory, Porphir, Iet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleaſure, ſince they ſtood there onely to make ſport for ruine. But when my ſoule grew acquainted with the owner of that manſion, I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to ſpeak her, and wonder (which muſt neceſſarily ſeize the beſt at that time) a lethargie, that dull'd too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to buſie themſelves in diſcourſing her perfections, Wiſdome, I encounter'd there, that could not ſpend it ſelfe ſince it affected ſilence, attentive onely to inſtructions, as if all her ſences had beene contracted into hearing : Innocence, ſo not vitiated by converſation with the world, that the ſubtile witted of her ſex, would have tearm'd it ignorance : Wit, which ſeated it ſelfe moſt in the apprehenſion, and if not inforc't by good manners, would ſcarce have gain'd the name of affability : Modeſty, ſo timorous, that it repreſented a beſieg'd Citty, ſtanding watchfully upon her guard, ſtrongeſt in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all thoſe vertues which ſhould reſtore woman to her primitive ſtate of beauty, fully adorn'd her. But I ſhall be cenſur'd, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiſcreet Rhetoricke. However ſuch I fancied her, for to ſay ſhee is, or was ſuch, were to play the

Merchant, and boast too much the value of a Jewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same Altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a prefident. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these Poems, will I excuse my selfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevail'd and cleere judgements advis'd. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when Princes alter customes even heavie to the subject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chafe or field allowes, Poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the Country upon ignorance, or in the City upon Criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of Art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men, best; they partake of my modesty. If Satyre to win applause with the envious multitude; they expresse my content, which maliceth none, the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne, I thinke even these verses will have that proportion in the worlds opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

<sup>1</sup>To his best friend and Kinsman  
*William Habington, Esquire.*

**N**ot in the silence of content and store  
Of private sweets ought thy Muse charme no more.  
Then thy Castara's eare. 'Twere wrong such gold  
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold  
It felse a publike joy. Who her restraine,  
Make a close prisoner of a Sovereigne.  
Enlarge her then to triumph. While wee see  
Such worthy in beauty, such desert in thee,  
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as show  
How chastity, though yce, like love can glow,  
Yet stand a Virgin: How that full content  
By vertue is to soules united, lent,  
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are  
But empty titles, highest power but care,  
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven to Vertue kind,  
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde  
That knowes but temper. For beyond your state  
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.  
I Write not this in hope t'incroach on fame,  
Or adde a greater lustre to your name.  
Bright in it felse enough. We two are knowne  
To th' World, as to our selves, to be but one  
In blood as study: And my carefull love  
Did never action worth my name, approve  
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,  
But who should be best patterne of a friend.  
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire  
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,  
As reaches heaven it felse. But I who know  
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow  
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can  
Stile thee more that good Poët, a good man.  
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,  
Th' hast built an Altar which enshrines thy praise:  
And to the faith of after time commends  
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

<sup>2</sup>GEORGE TALBOT.

## A Mistris.



*She the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the Idoll and gives the Oracle, when wantonneffe possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the flight of Art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wraffled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her vertue weares so much Majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the Articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her own feares restraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers heaven can onely challenge, and it is impietie in her weakenesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the least suspition of scandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of Witty, with that of*

Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring  
 In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing  
 To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre  
 Through common channels ; sings she not of her ?  
 Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,  
 That growing but to emulate her veins,  
 It's azur'd like the skie : when she doth bow  
 T' invoke *Castara*, heav'n perfumes her vow.  
 The trees the water, and the flowers adore  
 The Deity of her sex, and through each pore  
 Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love  
 'To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,  
 As if all eares should heare her praise alone.  
 Now listen thou ; *Endymion* sings his owne.

### *To CASTARA.*

**D**Oe not their prophane Orgies heare,  
 Who but to wealth no altars reare,  
 The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

*Castara* rather seeke to dwell  
 Ith' silence of a private cell.  
 Rich discontent's a glorious hell.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent  
 Of roome (though not magnificent)  
 To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,  
 That wealthy flocke of nature bring,  
 Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse Palmes shall honey flow,  
 And barren Winter Harvest show,  
 While Lilies in his bosome grow,

No North-winde shall the corne infest,  
 But the soft spirit of the East,  
 Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

<sup>1</sup> To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove. 1634, 1635.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,  
In hope to purchase leave to sip  
Sweete Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nimphs with quivers shall adorne  
Their active sides, and rouse the morne  
With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,  
Faire *Daphne* her faire selfe shall free,  
From the chaste prison of a tree :

And with *Narcissus* (to thy face  
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)  
Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they, whose wisdom did discusse  
Of these as fictions : shall in us  
Finde, they were more then fabulous.

*To C A S T A R A,*  
*Softly singing to her selfe.*



Ing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice  
Of reasons in thy beauty and the voyce,  
To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)  
Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine  
To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares  
May then receive the Musicke of the Spheares.  
But yet take heede, lest if the Swans of Thames,  
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,  
Oth' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,  
Should listen, and in silence welcome death :  
And ravisht Nightingales, striving too high  
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.  
And thus there will be left no bird to sing  
Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

*To a Wanton.*

**I**N vaine faire forcereffe, thy eyes speake charmes,  
In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy armes.  
I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,  
In whom *Castara* hath inspir'd her love.

As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy eare,  
Lest it the whispers of soft Courtiers heare ;  
Reade not his raptures, whose invention must  
Write journey worke, both for his Patrons lust,  
And his owne plush : let no admirer feast  
His eye oth' naked banquet of thy brest.  
If this faire president, nor yet my want  
Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant  
Thy forc'ries ; Pity shall to justice turne,  
And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne.

*To the Honourable my much honoured  
friend, R. B. Esquire.*

**H**ile you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,  
The zeale you heare your Mistresse to proclaim  
To th' talking world : I in the silent'st grove,  
Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.

Thee, titles *Brud'nell*, riches thee adorne,  
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne  
By th' tide of custome : Which I value more  
Then what blind superstitious fooles adore,  
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone.  
Greatnesse we borrow, Vertue is our owne.  
In thy attempt be prosperous, and when ere  
Thou shalt prefix the houre ; may *Hymen* weare  
His brightest robe ; where some fam'd Persian shall  
Worke by the wonder of her needle all  
The nuptiall joyes ; which (if we Poets be

True Prophets) bounteous heaven designs for thee.  
 I envie not, but glory in thy fate,  
 While in the narrow limits of my state  
 I bound my hopes. Which if *Castara* daigne  
 Once to entitle hers; the wealthiest graine  
 My earth, untild shall beare; my trees shall grone  
 Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one  
 And the same season, Nature forth shall bring  
 Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.  
 But digge, and thou shalt finde a purer Mine  
 The th' Indians boast: Taste of this generous Vine,  
 And her blood sweeter will than Nectar prove.  
 Such miracles wait on a noble love.  
 But should she scorne my suite, I'll tread that path  
 Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.  
 There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,  
 To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

*To CASTARA,  
 Inquiring why I loved her.*



Hy doth the stubborne iron prove  
 So gentle to th' magnetique stone?  
 How know you that the orbs doe move;  
 With musicke too? since heard of none?  
 And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre  
 Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,  
 Shooting their beauties from a farre,  
 To make each gazers heart like thine;  
 Our vertues often Meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie  
 When Poëts weepe some Virgins death,  
 That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,  
 Or perfumes vapour from her breath,  
 And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And there must once thy beauty lie. 1634, 1635.




Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're  
 So vaine as in that to delight :  
 Which ballance it, no weight doth beare,  
 Nor yet is object to the fight,  
 But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes : Since I know  
 They in their motion like the Sea :  
 Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow ;  
 And so in flattery betray,  
 That, raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove  
 Fuell enough t' enflame desire ;  
 But there was something from above,  
 Shot without reasons guide, this fire.  
 I know, yet know not, why I love.

*To CASTARA,  
 Looking upon him.*

ransfix me with that flaming dart  
 Ith' eye, or brest, or any part,  
 So thou, *Castara*, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright  
 Warme wound, ith' darknesse of his night,  
 Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,  
 Ith' whispering shadow of some grove,  
 That's consecrate to sportive Love.

*December* see the Primrose grow,  
 The Rivers in soft murmurs flow,  
 And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feelee againe  
 Those heates, of which youth did complaine,  
 While fresh blood fwels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,  
Which but to warme them would suffice,  
May burne me to a sacrifice.


<sup>1</sup> *To the right honourable the Countesse of Ar.*



Ing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare  
Chastevertues stamp) those Children of the yeere  
The dayes, haste nimbly; and while as they flie,  
Each of them with their predecessors vie,  
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispence,  
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.  
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)  
See often the pale monarch of the night,  
*Diana*, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire  
Of vulgar starres, who lend their weaker fire  
To conquer the nights chilnesse, with their Qucene,  
In harmelesse revels tread the happy greene.  
But I who am proscrib'd by tyrant love,  
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,  
Where nought except a solitary Spring,  
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing  
*Narcissus* obsequies: For onely there  
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare.  
*Castara*! oh my heart! How great a flame  
Did even shoot into me with her name?  
*Castara* hath betray'd me to a zeale  
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale  
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart  
By Love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.  
But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now  
Madam to you addresse this solemne vow.  
By Vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde  
In the interiour province of your minde  
Such government: That if great men obey  
Th' example of your order, they will sway  
Without reproofe. For onely you unite  
Honour with sweetenesse, vertue with delight.

<sup>1</sup> *To the right honourable my very good Lady,  
Anne Countesse of Ar. 1634, 1635.*


*Vpon CASTARA'S frowne or smile.*

 Earned shade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,  
The stars propheticke language didst impart,  
And even in life their mysteries discusse:  
*Castara* hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,  
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be.  
For if *Castara* smile; though winter hath  
Lock't up the rivers: Summer's warme in me.

And *Flora* by the miracle reviv'd,  
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand.  
But should she frowne, the Northerne wind arriv'd,  
In midst of Summer, leads his frozen band:  
Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,  
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

*In CASTARA,  
All fortunes.*

 E glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone,  
A nobler quarry to build trophies on, [fame,  
Purchast'gainst conquer'd time; Go court loud  
He wins it, who but sings *Castara's* name?  
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a Spring,  
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent King:  
Know if *Castara* smile: I dwell in it,  
And vie for glory with the Favorit.  
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share  
Uncertaine treasure with a certaine care.  
Tempt death in th' horrid Ocean: I, when ere  
I but approach her, find the Indies there.  
Heaven brightest Saint, kinde to my vowes made thee  
Of all ambition courts, th' Epitome.

*Vpon thought C A S T A R A may dye.*

**I**F she should dye, (as well suspect we may,  
A body so compact should ne're decay)  
Her brighter soule would in the Moone inspire  
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.

You twins of *Læda* (as your parents are  
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular  
Now in your motion : for the marriner  
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.  
And when the zeale of after time<sup>1</sup> shall spie  
Her uncorrupt ith' happy marble lie ;  
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,  
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.  
For he who did to her in life dispence  
A heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

*Time to the moments, on sight  
of C A S T A R A.*

**Y**Ou younger children of your father stay,  
Swift flying moments (which divide the day  
And with your number measure out the yeare  
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.

For since my cradle, I so bright a grace  
Ne're saw, as you see in *Castara's* face ;  
Whom nature to revenge some youthfull crime  
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.  
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay  
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my sythe away,  
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,  
I'll punish Nature for her injurie.

On nimble moments in your journey flie,  
*Castara* shall like me, grow old, and die.

*To a friend inquiring her name, whom  
he loved.*

**F**ond Love himselfe hopes to disguise  
From view, if he but covered lies,  
Ith' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,  
Or in a sigh, thou art so tride  
In all his arts, hee'le be discride.

I must confesse (Deare friend) my flame,  
Whose boasts *Castara* so doth tame,  
That not thy faith, shall know her name.

Twere prophanation of my zeale,  
If but abroad one whisper steale,  
They love betray, who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye  
Could by his subtilest ray descry,  
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,  
I'de force it from that obscure Mine,  
And then it like pure should shine.

*A Dialogue betweene Hope and Feare.*

**F**ear, **H**ecke thy forward thoughts, and know  
*Hymen* onely joynes their hands;  
Who with even paces goe,  
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

**H**ope. But *Castara's* purer fire,  
When it meetes a noble flame:  
Shuns the smoke of such desire,  
Ioynes with love, and burnes the fame.

- Fear.** Yet obedience must prevaile,  
They who o're her actions sway :  
Would have her in th' Ocean faile,  
And contemne thy narrow sea.
- Hope.** Parents lawes must beare no weight  
When they happinesse prevent.  
And our sea is not so streight,  
But it roome hath for content.
- Fear.** Thousand hearts as victims stand,  
At the Altar of her eyes.  
And will partiall she command,  
Onely thine for sacrifice ?
- Hope.** Thousand victims must returne ;  
Shee the purest will designe :  
Choose *Castara* which shall burne,  
Choose the purest, that is, mine.


To C U P I D,  
*Vpon a dimple in C A S T A R A's cheek.*



Imble boy in thy warme flight,  
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight ?  
Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,  
Thou wouldst figh thy selfe to ayre :  
Fearing to create this one,  
Nature had her selfe undone.  
But if you when this you heare  
Fall downe murdered through your eare,  
Begge of *Love* that you may have  
In her cheek a dimpled grave.  
Lilly, Rose, and Violet,  
Shall the perfum'd Hearse beset  
While a beauteous sheet of Lawne,  
O're the wanton corps is drawne :  
And all lovers use this breath ;  
" Here lies *Cupid* blest in death.


v v v v v  
v v v v v  
v v v v v

*Vpon CVPID'S death and buriall in  
CASTARA'S cheeke*

 *C*upids dead. Who would not dye,  
To be interr'd so neere her eye?  
Who would feare the sword, to have  
Such an Alabaſter grave?


O're which two bright tapers burne,  
To give light to the beauteous Vrne.  
At the firſt *Caſtara* ſmil'd,  
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,  
Onely counterfeiting death.  
But when ſhe perceiv'd his breath  
Quite expir'd: the mournfull Girle,  
To entombe the boy in Pearle,  
Wept ſo long; till pittious *Love*,  
From the aſhes of this Love,  
Made ten thouſand *Cupids* riſe,  
But confin'd them to her eyes:  
Where they yet, to ſhew they lacke  
No due ſorrow, ſtill weare blacke.  
But the blacks ſo glorious are  
Which they mourne in, that the faire  
Quires of ſtarres, look pale and fret,  
Seeing themſelves out ſhin'd by jet.

*To Fame.*

 *F*ly on thy ſwifteſt wing, ambitious Fame,  
And ſpeake to the cold North *Caſtara's* name:  
Which very breath will, like the Eaſt wind, bring  
The temp'rate warmth, and muſicke of the Spring.  
Then from the Articke to th' Antarticke Pole,  
Haſte nimble and inſpire a gentler ſoule,  
By naming her, ith' torrid South; that he  
May milde as *Zephirus* coole whiſpers be.  
Nor let the Weſt where heaven already joynes,  
The vaſteſt Empire, and the wealthieſt Mines:  
Nor th' Eaſt in pleaſures wanton, her condemne,  
For not diſtributing her gifts on them.

For she with want would have her bounty meete.  
Loves noble charity is so discrete.

*A Dialogue betweene Araphill and  
Castara.*

**Araph.**  Oft not thou *Castara* read  
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?  
Doth not every motion plead  
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?  
Sences act each others part.  
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

**Cast.** I saw love, as lightning breake  
From thy eyes, and was content  
Oft to heare thy silence speake.  
Silent love is eloquent.  
So the fence of learning heares,  
The dumbe musicke of the Spheares.

**Araph.** Then there's mercy in your kinde,  
Lifting to an unfain'd love,  
Or strives he to tame the wind,  
Who would your compassion move?  
No y'are pittious, as y're faire.  
Heaven relents, o'come by prayer.

**Cast.** But loose man too prodigall  
Is in the expence of vowes;  
And thinks to him kingdoms fall  
When the heart of woman bowes:  
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;  
Who resists you, wins the field.

**Araph.** Triumph not to see me bleede,  
Let the Bore chafed<sup>1</sup> from his den,  
On the wounds of mankinde feede.  
Your soft sexe should pittie men.  
Malice well may practife Art,  
Love hath a transparent heart.

**Cast.** Yet is love all one deceit,  
A warme frost, a frozen fire.

<sup>1</sup> chased. 1634, 1635.



She within her selfe is great,  
 Who is slave to no desire.  
 Let youth act, and age advise,  
 And then love may finde his eyes.

**Araph.** *Hymens* torch yeelds a dim light,  
 When ambition joynes our hands.  
 A proud day, but mournfull night,  
 She sustaines, who marries lands.  
 Wealth slaves man, but for their Ore,  
 Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

**Cast.** And yet wealth the fuell is  
 Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,  
 And in honour there's a blisse.  
 Th' are immortall who aspire.  
 But truth sayes, no joyes are sweete,  
 But where hearts united meete.

**Araph.** Roses breath not such a sent,  
 To perfume the neighbr'ing groves ;  
 As when you affirme content,  
 In no spheare of glory moves.  
 Glory narrow soules combines :  
 Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

### TO CASTARA,

#### *Intending a journey into the Countrey.*



Hy haste you hence *Castara*? can the earth,  
 A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,  
 Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose  
 In emulation of thy cheeke, a Rose,  
 Sweete as thy blush? Upon thy selfe then set  
 Iust value, and scorne it, thy counterfet.  
 The Spring's still with thee ; But perhaps the field,  
 Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld,  
 Her tribute to the Plough ; O rather let  
 Th' ingratefull earth for ever be in debt  
 To th' hope of sweating industry, than we  
 Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee.  
 Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give  
 A life to all, who can deserve to live.

*Vpon CASTARA'S departure.*

**I** Am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart  
 Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart  
 And leave me to my feares; let love in spite  
 Of absence, our divided soules unite.  
 But you must goe. The melancholy Doves  
 Draw *Venus* chariot hence. The sportive Loves  
 Which wont to wanton here, hence with you flye,  
 And like false friends forsake me when I dye.  
 For but a walking tombe, what can he be;  
 Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee?

*To CASTARA,**Vpon a trembling kisse at departure.*

**I** H' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows  
 Purple to th' Violet, blushes to the Rose;  
 Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.  
 Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,  
 Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare  
 So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?  
 Thinke you I parting with so sad a zeale,  
 Will act so blacke a mischief, as to steale  
 Thy Roses thence? And they, by this device,  
 Transplanted: somewhere else force Paradise?  
 Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip  
 Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,  
 Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,  
 T' have *Iudas* like betraid me with a kisse.

*To CASTARA,**Looking backe at her departing.*

**I** Ooke backe *Castara*. From thy eye  
 Let yet more flaming arrowes flye.  
 To live, is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,  
 But that thy selfe, as I expire,  
 Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted Love, shall grieve to see  
Such zeale in death : For feare lest he  
Himselfe, should be consumed in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,  
That in his teares he then may sleepe :  
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,  
And the loose flames in which they burne,  
Give up as offerings to my Vrne.

That them the vertue of my shrine,  
By miracle so long refine ;  
Till they prove innocent as mine.

*Vpon CASTARA'S absence.*

**T**Is madnesse to give Physicke to the dead ;  
Then leaue me friends: Yet haply you'd here read  
A lecture ; but I'le not dissected be,  
T' instruct your Art by my anatomie.  
But still you trust your sense, sweare you discry  
No difference in me. All's deceit oth' eye,  
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,  
Like mine, which he doth to delude you, weare :  
Else heaven by miracle makes me survive  
My selfe, to keepe in me poore Love alive.  
But I am dead, yet let none question where  
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,  
Prophane the Pompe, when they my corps interre,  
My soule impardis'd, for 'tis with her.

*To CASTARA,  
Complaining her absence in the Country.*

**T**He lesser people of the ayre conspire  
To keepe thee from me, *Philomel* with higher  
And sweeter notes, wooes thee to weepe herrape.  
Which would appease the gods, and change her  
The early Larke, preferring 'fore soft rest [shape.

Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,  
 And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay ;  
 Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.  
 From which the Owle is frighted, and doth rove  
 (As never having felt the warmth of love.)  
 In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,  
 Nor biding the bright lustre of thy sight.  
 With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee  
 I'me lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

*To T H A M E S.*

**S**WIFT in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*,  
 Hast by the happy error of thy streames,  
 To kisse the banks of *Marlow*, which doth show  
 Faire *Seymors*, and beyond that never flow.  
 Then summon all thy Swans, that who did give  
 Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,  
 For my *Castara*. She can life restore,  
 Or quicken them who had no life before.  
 How should the Poplar else the Pine provoke ;  
 The stately Cedar challenge the rude Oke  
 To dance at sight of her? They have no sense  
 From nature given, but by her influence.  
 1 If *Orpheus* did those senselesse creatures move,  
 He was a Prophet, and fore-sang my love.

*To the right honourable the Earle  
 of S H R E W E S.<sup>2</sup>*

**M**Y Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing  
 Did to your Vncles Vrne, her off'rings bring:  
 And if to fame I may give faith, your eares  
 Delighted in the musicke of her teares.  
 That was her debt to vertue. And when e're  
 She her bright head among the clouds shall reare  
 And adde to th' wondring heavens a new flame,

1 If *Orpheus* did those senselesse creatures stirre,  
 He was a Prophet, and fore-sang of her. 1634, 1635.

2 To the Right Honourable my very good Lord, Iohn Earle of S. 1634, 1635

Shee'le celebrate the Genius of your name.  
 Wilde with another rage, inspir'd by love,  
 She charmes the Myrtles of the Idalian grove.  
 And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,  
 Those wanton Doves which *Cythereia* draw  
 Through th'am'rous ayre: Admire what power doth sway  
 The Ocean, and arrest them in their way.  
 She sings *Castara* then. O she more bright,  
 Than is the starry Senate of the night;  
 Who in their motion did like straglers erre,  
 Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,  
 Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sinne hath beene  
 Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often seene  
 To hunt those Dales, in hope then *Daphnes*, there  
 To see a brighter face. Th' Astrologer  
 In th' interim dyed, whose proud Art could not show  
 Whence that Ecclipse did on the sudden grow.  
 A wanton Satyre eager in the chase  
 Of some faire Nymph, beheld *Castara's* face,  
 And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,  
 Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified  
 With such a vertue; by heavens great commands  
 Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statute stands.  
 As Poet thus. But as a Christian now,  
 And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,  
 She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;  
 In me impiety 'twere not to love.

### To CUPID.

*Wishing a speedy passage to CASTARA.*



Hanks *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves  
 For me too slow, drawn but by lazie Doves.  
 I, left a journey my delay should finde,  
 Will leape into the chariot of the winde.  
 Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,  
 Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire  
 But unkinde *Seymors*. Thus he will proclaime,  
 What tribute winds owe to *Castara's* name.

Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,  
 Who first accessse deny'd me, will obey,  
 With feare what love commands: Yet censure me  
 As guilty of the blackest forcery.

But after to my wishes milder prove:  
 When they know this the miracle of love.

*To C A S T A R A.*

*Of Love.*

**H**ow fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,  
 'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to love,  
 And ore th' obedient elements command.  
 Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand  
 Fixt as the earth. Throw then this Idoll downe  
 Yee lovers who first made it; which can frowne  
 Or smile but as you please. But I'me untame  
 In rage. *Castara* call thou<sup>1</sup> on his name,  
 And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,  
 Hee'le triumph to bring downe my Saint to me.

*To the Spring,*

*Vpon the uncertainty of C A S T A R A'S abode.*

**H**Aire Mistresse of<sup>2</sup> the earth, with garlands crown'd  
 Rise, by a lovers charme, from the parcht ground,  
 And shew thy flowry wealth: that she, where ere  
 Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties  
 Should she to the cold Northerne climates goe, [there.  
 Force thy affrighted Lillies there to grow;  
 Thy Roses in those gelid fields t' appeare;  
 She absent, I have all their Winter here.  
 Or if to the torrid Zone her way she bend,  
 Her the coole breathing of *Favonius* lend,  
 Thither command the birds to bring their quires.  
 That Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.

Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should here  
 Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

<sup>1</sup> then. 1634.

<sup>2</sup> to. 1634, 1635.

To Reason,

Vpon CASTARA'S absence.

**W**ith your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme,  
 In some brest flegmaticke which would conformance  
 Her life to your cold lawes: In vain y' engage  
 Your selfe on me. I will obey my rage.  
 Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove  
 I'le finde, whereby the miracle of Love  
 I'le turne t' a fountaine, and divide the yeere,  
 By numbring every moment with a teare.  
 Where if *Castara* (to avoyd the beames  
 Oth'neighb'ring Sun) shall wandring meete my streames.  
 And tasting, hope her thirst alaid shall be,  
 Shee'le feele a suddenn flame, and burne like me:  
 And thus distracted cry. Tell me thou cleere,  
 But treach'rous Fount, what lover's coffin'd here?

An<sup>1</sup> answer to CASTARA'S question.

**I**s I *Castara*, who when thou wert gone,  
 Did freeze into this melancholy stone,  
 To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where  
 Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?  
 The Larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,  
*Aurora's* early blush to entertaine,  
 And having too deepe tasted of these streames,  
 He loves, and amorously courts her beames.  
 The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,  
 Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale,  
 And murm'ring askt what power this change did move,  
 The language of my waters whispered, Love.  
 And thus transform'd Ile stand, till I shall see,  
 That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

*To CASTARA.  
Vpon the disguising his affection.*

**R**onounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,  
Then e're in the large Volume writ by Time,  
The sad Historian reades, if not my Art  
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.

For when the zealous anger of my friend  
Checkes my unusuall sadnesse: I pretend  
To study vertue, which indeede I doe,  
He must court vertue who aspires to you.  
Or that some friend is dead and then a teare,  
A sigh or groane steales from me: for I feare  
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all  
These sorrowes usher but its funerall.

<sup>1</sup>Which should revive, should there you a mourner be,  
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

*To the honourable my honoured kinsman.  
Mr. G. T.*

**H**rice hath the pale-fac'd Empreffe of the night,  
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,  
To guide the vowing Mariner: since mute  
*Talbot* th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute  
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse  
This dull neglect: Love never wants a Muse.  
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe  
Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads oth' frighted deepe,  
A veile of darknesse; penitent to be  
I may forget, yet still remember thee,  
Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,  
In nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.  
Nor thinke *Castara* (though the sexe be fraile,  
And ever like uncertaine vessels faile  
On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind  
Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)  
Can be induc't to alter: Every starre  
May in its motion grow irregular;

<sup>1</sup> Which would revive, should you there mourner be. 1634, 1635.



The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame  
 To th' teeming earth, yet she remaine the same.  
 And in my armes (if Poets may divine)  
 I once that world of beauty shall intwine,  
 And on her lips print volumes of my love,  
 Without a froward checke, and sweetly move  
 Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, Ile draw  
 Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw  
 With warmth of zeale, untill I heaven entreat,  
 To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

Eccho to Narciffus.

*In praise of C A S T A R A' S discreete Love.*

**S** Corn'd in thy watry Vrne *Narciffus* lye,  
 Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye  
 T' increase thy streames: or make me weepe a  
 showre,

To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.  
 But should relenting heaven restore thee sence,  
 To see such wisdom temper innocence,  
 In faire *Castara's* love; how she discreet,  
 Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,  
 At the same moment; should'ft confesse fond boy,  
 Fooles onely think them vertuous, who are coy.  
 And wonder not that I, who have no choyce  
 Of speech, have praying her so free a voyce:  
 Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,  
 When to *Castara* I would speake my zeale.

To C A S T A R A,

*Being debarr'd her presence.*

**B** Anisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,  
 My unseene Messenger, to speake my minde,  
 In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse  
 Lest the unruly spirit should abuse  
 The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due  
 To her alone, to sing my loves to you.  
 Heare her then speake. Bright Lady, from whose eye

Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye  
 A martyr in your flames : O let your love  
 Be great and firme as his : Then nought shall move  
 Your fetled faiths, that both may grow together :  
 Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.  
 Hark ! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends  
 His troubled thoughts ! See, he from *Marlow* sends  
 His eyes to *Seymors*. Then chides th' envious trees,  
 And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees  
 And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd  
 Close to you, and then weepes because deceiv'd.  
 Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see  
 A glorious triumph waits o'th victorie  
 Your love will purchase, shewing us to prize  
 A true content. There onely Love hath eyes.

*To Seymors,  
 The house in which C A S T A R A lived.*

**B**Left Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands,  
 Which Nature built, but the exacter hands  
 Of Vertue polisht. Though sad Fate deny  
 My prophane feete access, my vowes shall flye.  
 May those Musicians, which divide the ayre  
 With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,  
 For this glad place, and all their accents frame,  
 To teach the Eccho my *Castara's* name.  
 The beautious troopes of graces led by love  
 In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove  
 Where may the Spring dwell still. May every tree  
 Turne to a Laurell, and propheticke be.  
 Which shall in its first Oracle divine,  
 That courteous Fate decree *Castara* mine.

*To the Dew,  
 In hope to see C A S T A R A walking.*

**B**Right Dew which dost the field adorne  
 As th' earth to welcome in the morne,  
 Would hang a jewell on each corne.

Did not the pittious night, whose eares  
Have oft beene conscious of my feares,  
Distill you from her eyes as teares?

Or that *Castara* for your zeale,  
When she her beauties shall reveale,  
Might you to Dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere  
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,  
To make the wealthy Indies here.


But see she comes. Bright lampe oth' skie,  
Put out thy light: the world shall spie,  
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid Pearle, hang heavie now  
On every grasse that it may bow  
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,  
And were I here, should question thee,  
Hee's full of whispers, speak not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,  
Our happy interview betray;  
Left thou confesse too, melt away.

### To CASTARA.

 Tay under the kinde shadow of this tree  
*Castara*, and protect thy selfe and me [Kings,  
From the Sunnes rayes. Which shew the grace of  
A dangerous warmth with too much favour  
How happy in this shade the humble Vine [brings.  
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,  
And so growes fruitfull; teaching us her fate  
Doth beare more sweetes, though Cedars beare more state:  
Behold *Adonis* in yand' purple flowre,  
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the briny showre,  
His coyneffe wept, while strugling yet alive:  
Now he repents, and gladly would revive,  
By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull charmes,  
To play the modest wanton in your armes.

To CASTARA,

*Ventring to walke too farre in the neighbouring wood.*

**D**Are not too farre *Castara*, for the shade  
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd  
A prey to wolves: to the wilde powers oth' wood,  
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.

If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care,  
For like a ship where all the fortunes are  
Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,  
If thou should'st perish banquerout in thee.  
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they shall  
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall  
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are  
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.

Yet venter not; tis nobler farre to sway  
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.


*Vpon CASTARA'S departure.*

**V**Owes are vaine. No suppliant breath  
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd death.  
Life with her is gone and I  
Learne but a new way to dye.

See the flowers condole, and all  
Wither in my funerall.  
The bright Lilly, as if day,  
Parted with her, fades away.  
Violets hang their heads, and lose  
All their beauty. That the Rose  
A sad part in sorrow beares,  
Witnesse all those dewy teares,  
Which as Pearle, or Dymond like,  
Swell upon her blushing cheek.  
All things mourne, but oh behold

How the wither'd Marigold  
 Clofeth up now ſhe is gone,  
 Iudging her the ſetting Sunne.

*A Dialogue betweene*  
*Night and Araphil.*

Night.  Et ſilence cloſe my troubled eyes,  
 Thy feare in *Lethe* ſteepe :  
 The ſtarres bright cent'nels of the ſkies,  
 Watch to ſecure thy ſleepe.

Araph. The Norths unruly ſpirit lay  
 In the diſorder'd Seas :  
 Make the rude Winter calme as *May*,  
 And give a lover eaſe.

Night. Yet why ſhould feare with her pale charmes,  
 Bewitch thee ſo to grieve ?  
 Since it prevents n' inſuing harmes,  
 Nor yeelds the paſt reliefe.

Araph. And yet ſuch horror I ſuſtaine  
 As the ſad veſſell, when  
 Rough tempeſts have incenſt the *Maine*,  
 Her Harbor now in ken.

Night. No conqueſt weares a glorious wreath  
 Which dangers not obtaine :  
 Let tempeſts 'gainſt thee ſhipwracke breathe,  
 Thou ſhalt thy harbour gaine.

Araph. Truths *Delphos* doth not ſtill foretell,  
 Though *Sol* th' inſpirer be.  
 How then ſhould night as blind as hell,  
 Enſuing truths fore-ſee ?

Night. The Sunne yeelds man no conſtant flame.  
 One light thoſe Priests inſpires.  
 While I though blacke am ſtill the ſame,  
 And have ten thouſand fires.

**Araph.** But those, fayes my propheticke feare,  
 As funerall torches burne;  
 While thou thy felfe the blackes doft weare,  
 T' attend me to my Vrne.

**Flight.** Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights  
 In *Hymens* Church shall shine,  
 When he by th' mystery of his rites,  
 Shall make *Caflara* thine.

*To the Right Honourable, the Lady, E. P.*



Our judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the  
 Time,  
 On th' humble fate : which censures it a crime,  
 To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know  
 Y'are not so various as to ebbe and flow  
 Ith' streame of fortune, whom each faithlesse winde  
 Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.  
 Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine  
 All those bright jems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,  
 The tann'd slave dives ; or in one boundlesse chest  
 Imprison all the treasures of the West,  
 We still should want. Our better part's immense,  
 Not like th' inferiour, limited by fence.  
 Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift  
 Vs to a greatnesse, whether chance or thrift  
 E're rais'd her servants. For though all were spent,  
 That can create an *Europe* in content.  
 Thus (Madam) when *Caflara* lends an eare  
 Soft to my hope, I Loves Philosopher,  
 Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand  
 At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,  
 (Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine  
 I not ascribe the blood of *Charlemaine*  
 Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are  
 In that and th'other *Marmion*, *Rosse*, and *Parr*  
*Fitzhugh*, *Saint Quintin*, and the rest of them  
 That adde such lustre to great *Pembrokes* stem.

My love is envious. Would *Castara* were  
 The daughter of some mountaine cottager,  
 Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave  
 Her no more dowre, than what she did receive  
 From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead  
 To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth ; her head  
 Crown'd with her haire faire treasure ; diamonds in  
 Her brighter eyes ; soft Ermines in her skin ;  
 Each Indie in each cheek. Then all who vaunt,  
 That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,  
 Should fet themselves out glorious in her stealth,  
 And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

To C A S T A R A.

*Departing upon the approach of Night.*

**W**Hat should we feare *Castara*? The coole aire,  
 That's false in love, and wanton in thy haire,  
 Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale  
 A Nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale  
 The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires  
 To our blest interview, and in our fires  
 Bath's like a Salamander, and doth sip,  
 Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.  
 Nor thinke of nights approach. The worlds great eye  
 Though breaking Natures law, will us supply  
 With his still flaming lampe : and to obey  
 Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.  
 But should he fet, what rebell night dares rise,  
 To be subdu'd ith' vict'ry of thy eyes?

*An Apparition.*

**M**ore welcome my *Castara*, then was light  
 To the disordered Chaos. O what bright  
 And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?  
 While the amazed stars to see so faire .

And pure a beauty from the earth arise,  
 Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.  
 O let my zealous lip print on thy hand  
 The story of my love, which there shall stand  
 A bright inscription to be read by none,  
 But who as I love thee, and love but one.

Why vanish you away? Or is my sense  
 Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence  
 Of erring nature! And would heaven this had  
 Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

<sup>1</sup>*To the Honourable Mr. W<sup>m</sup>. E.*

**H**Ee who is good is happy. Let the loude  
 Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude  
 And dart its thunder at him; hee'le remaine  
 Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine  
 In welcomming th' approach of death; then vice  
 Ere found in her fictitious Paradise.  
 Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past  
 Delights, and raise our appetite to taste  
 Ensuing) brings us to unflattered age.  
 Where we are left to fatisfie the rage  
 Of threatning Death: Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all  
 Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.  
 The thought of this begets that brave disdain  
 With which thou view'st the world and makes those vaine  
 Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court,  
 And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.  
 What should we covet here? Why interpose  
 A cloud twixt us and heaven? Kind Nature chose  
 Mansfouleth' Exchecquer where she'd hoord her wealth,  
 And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth  
 Of our owne vanity, w're left so poore,  
 The creature meerely sensuall knowes more.  
 The learn'd *Halcyon* by her wisdome finds  
 A gentle season, when the seas and winds

<sup>1</sup> *To the Honourable my most honoured friend, W<sup>m</sup>. E. Esquire. 1635.*



Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth  
 The happy miracle of her rare birth,  
 Leaving with wonder all our arts posses't,  
 That view the architecture of her nest.  
 Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe  
 Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow  
 By age to dotage : while the sensitive  
 Part of the World in it's first strength doth live.  
 Folly ? what dost thou in thy power containe  
 Deserves our study ? Merchants plough the maine  
 And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,  
 By avarice in the possession poore.  
 And yet that Idoll wealth we all admit  
 Into the soules great temple. Busie wit  
 Invents new Orgies, fancy frames new rites  
 To shew it's superstition, anxious nights  
 Are watcht to win its favour : while the beast  
 Content with Natures courtesie doth rest.  
 Let man then boast no more a soule, since he  
 Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee  
 (Whom Fortune hath exempted from the heard  
 Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd  
 Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,  
 Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.  
 And though my fate conducts me to the shade  
 Of humble quiet, my ambition payde  
 With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame  
 Doth raise me trophies in *Castara's* name.  
 No thought of glory swelling me above  
 The hope of being famed for vertuous love.  
 Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres  
 To purchase unsafe honour in the warres  
 Or envied smiles at court ; for thy great race,  
 And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.  
 Yet know, what busie path so-ere you tread  
 To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

*To CASTARA,  
The vanity of Avarice.*



Arke? how the traytor wind doth court  
The Saylors to the maine;  
To make their avarice his sport?  
A tempest checks the fond disdaine,  
They beare a fafe though humble port.

Wee'le fit my love upon the shore,  
And while proud billowes rise  
To warre against the skie, speake ore  
Our Loves so sacred misteries.  
And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame  
Where ever statues are?  
And purchase glory to my name  
In the smooth court or rugged warre?  
My love hath layd the Devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow  
Vnmarkt i'th shaded vale,  
Then on the hill those terrors know  
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,  
There is more pompe above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine Philosopher  
(While covetous Landlords rent,  
And Courtiers dignity preferre)  
Instructs us to a sweete content,  
Greatnesse it selfe, doth in it selfe interre.

*Castara*, what is there above  
The treasures we possesse?  
We two are all and one, wee move  
Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.  
All blessings are Epitomiz'd in Love.

*To my [most] honoured Friend and  
Kinsman, R. St., Esquire.*

**T**h shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write  
Be held no wit at Court. If I delight  
So farre my fullen Genius, as to raise  
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes.  
Enough to crowne me Poet. Let those wits,  
Who teach their Muse the art of Parasits  
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue  
Spruce Lawyer who's all impudence and tongue  
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one  
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'me best vnkowne:  
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate  
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;  
That I by want am neither vilified,  
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.  
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be  
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard Destinie,  
That makes some Poets raile?) Why are their times  
So sleept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?  
As if no sin call'd downe heav'ns vengeance more  
Then cause the world leaves some few writers poore?  
Tis true, that *Chapmans* reverend ashes must  
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,  
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;  
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.  
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be  
So seriously devout to Poesie  
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome  
In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe.  
Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes  
Stand petrified ith' wall, with Laurell bowes  
Yet girt about; and nigh wife *Henries* herse,  
Old *Chaucer* got a Marble for his verse.  
So courteous is Death; Death Poets brings  
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings:  
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please  
His silly Patron with Hyperboles.

Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine  
 But the strapado in some wanton straine ;  
 Hee'le sweare the State lookes not on men of parts  
 And, if but mention'd, slight all other Arts.  
 Vaine ostentation ! Let us set so just  
 A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust  
 The Poets Sentence, and not still aver  
 Each Art is to it felse a flatterer.  
 I write to you Sir on this theame, because  
 Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes,  
 Of Poesie so justly, that I chuse  
 Yours onely the example to my muse.  
 And till my browner haire be mixt with gray  
 Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way,  
 My Muse direct ; A Poet youth may be,  
 But age doth dote without Phisosophie.

*To the World.  
 The Perfection of Love.*



Ou who are earth, and cannot rise  
 Above your sence,  
 Boasting the envyed wealth which lyes  
 Bright in your Mistris lips or eyes,  
 Betray a pittied eloquence.

That which doth joyne our soules, so light  
 And quicke doth move.

That like the Eagle in his flight,  
 It doth transcend all humane fight,  
 Lost in the element of Love.

You Poets reach not this, who sing  
 The praise of dust  
 But kneaded, when by thett you bring  
 The rose and Lilly from the Spring  
 T' adorne the wrinckled face of lust.


When we speake Love, nor art, nor wit  
 We glosse vpon :  
 Our soules engender, and beget  
*Idaas*, which you counterfeit  
 In your dull progagation.

While Time, seven ages shall disperse,  
 Wee'le talke of Love,  
 And when our tongues hold no commerfe.  
 Our thoughts shall mutually converfe.  
 And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind  
 Fit for offence :  
 Yet are we so by Love refin'd,  
 From impure droffe we are all mind.  
 Death could not more have conquer'd fence.

How suddenly those flames expire  
 Which scorch our clay?  
*Prometheas*-like when we steale fire  
 From heaven 'tis endlesse and intire  
 It may know age, but not decay.


### *To the Winter.*

 Hy dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?  
 Why doe thy cheeks curl like the Ocean,  
 Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare  
 So shaking, like an ague to the yeare?

The Sunne is gone. But yet *Castara* staves,  
 And will adde stature to thy Pigmy dayes,  
 Warne moysture to thy veynes: her smile can bring  
 Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.  
 Hence with thy palsie then, and on thy head  
 Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroom led  
 To th' holy Fane. Banish thy aged ruth,  
 That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.


And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde  
 A Spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

### *Vpon a visit to CASTARA in the Night.*

 Was Night: when *Phæbe* guided by thy rayes,  
 Chaste as my zeale, with incence of her praise,  
 I humbly crept to my *Castara's* shrine.  
 But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine


A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,  
 As shewd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.  
 It was her eyes which like two Diamonds shin'd,  
 Brightest ith' dark. Like which could th' Indian find,  
 But one among his rocks, he would out vie  
 In brightnesse all the Diamonds of the Skie.  
 But when her lips did ope, the Phoenix nest  
 Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Love* once feast,  
 Hee'd loath his heauenly fursets: if we dare  
 Affirme, *Love* hath a heaven without my faire.

TO C A S T A R A,  
*Of the chastity of his Love.*

 Hy would you blush *Castara*, when the name  
 Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,  
 Ith' shade of melancholly night doth stray,  
 A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.

Let's chastly love *Castara*, and not foyle  
 This Virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle  
 Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,  
 And onely talke ith' language of our eyes,  
 Like two starres in conjunction. But beware  
 Lest th' Angels who of love compacted are,  
 Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,  
 Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.  
 Yet take thy flight: on earth for surely we  
 So joyn'd, in heaven cannot divided be.

*The Description of* C A S T A R A.

 Like the Violet which alone  
 Prospers in some happy shade;  
 My *Castara* lives vnknowne,  
 To no looser eye betray'd.  
 For shee's to her selfe untrue,  
 Who delights ith' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts  
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,  
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet  
 What a wanton courtship meant :  
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,  
 In her silence eloquent.

Of her selfe survey she takes,  
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will  
 Her grave Parents wife commands.  
 And so innocent, that ill,  
 She nor acts, nor understands.

Womens feete runne still astray.  
 If once to ill they know the way.

She failes by that rocke, the Court,  
 Where oft honour splits her mast :  
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port,  
 Where her fame may anchor cast.

Vertue safely cannot fit,  
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,  
 Where sinne waits not on delight.  
 Without maske, or ball, or feast,  
 Sweetly spends a winters night.

O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,  
 Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,  
 While wild passions captive lie.  
 And each article of time,  
 Her pure thoughts to heaven flie :

All her vowes religious be,  
 And her love she vowes to me.

*FINIS.*



# CASTARA

The Second part.

*Vatumque lascivos triumphos,  
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.*



L O N D O N

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## A Wife.



*She the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, Man if piety not restraine him; is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age; the murderer of posterity. She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her Husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe Crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesse uncontemned. Shee is colleague with him in the Empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the World. She is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in, nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the Metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be Mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her Ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to Riot. Shee is liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knowes Charity, to be the*

*foule of goodnesse, and Vertue without reward often prone to bee her own destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visites 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to Court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinks there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her Husbands fortunes, that in the Countrey shee lives without a froward Melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. She is so temperate, she never read the modern pollicie of glorious surfeits; since she finds Nature is no Epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse then that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as Conjurers upon the Circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleaves Paradise circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinks no more frailtie, then makes him descend to the title of Man. In a word, shee so lives that she may dye; and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her charaſter nobly mentioned: while the bad Wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too<sup>h</sup> deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it Repentance.*

## *The Second Part.*

*To CASTARA,*

*Now possesst of her in marriage.*

**T**His day is ours. The marriage Angell now  
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow,  
Yeeld a more precious breath, then that which  
moves

The whispring leaves in the *Panchayan* groves.  
View how his temples shine, on which he weares  
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares  
Thou wepst a Virgin, when crosse winds did blow,  
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.  
But now *Castara* smile, No envious night  
Dares enterpose it selfe, t'ecclipse the light  
Of our cleare joyes. For even the lawes divine  
Permit our mutuall love<sup>1</sup> so to entwine,  
That Kings, to ballance true content, shall say;  
Would they were great as we, we blest as they,

*To CASTARA,*

*Vpon the mutuall love of their Majesties.*

**I**D you not see, *Castara*, when the King  
Met his lov'd Queene; what sweetnesse she  
did bring [flame  
T' incounter his brave heat; how great a  
From their breasts meeting, on the sudden came?  
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,  
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,  
As heresies would from his faith remove  
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.  
The barb'rous nations which supply the earth  
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,

Would by his precedent correct their life,  
 Each wisely chuse, and chasteely love a wife.  
 1 Princes example is a law. Then we  
 If loyall subiects, must true lovers be.

*To Zephirus.*



Hose whisfers soft as those which lovers breath  
*Castara* and my felfe I here bequeath  
 To the calme wind. For heaven such joyes  
 afford

To her and me, that there can be no thirde.  
 And you kinde starres, be thrifter of your light :  
 Her eyes supply your office with more bright  
 And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like  
 The nimbler ship boyes shall be joy'd to strike  
 Or hoish up faile ; Nor shall our vessell move  
 By Card or Compasse, but a heavenly love.  
 The courtesie of this more prosperous gale  
 Shall swell our Canvas, and wee'le swiftly faile  
 To some blest Port, where ship hath never lane  
 At anchor, whose chaste soule no foot prophane  
 Hath ever trod ; Where nature doth dispence  
 Her infant wealth, a beautilous innocence.  
 Pompe (even a burthen to it felfe) nor Pride,  
 (The Magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide  
 On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're,  
 Built for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.  
 Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence  
 And feare expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.  
 A silence there so melancholly sweet,  
 That none but whispring Turtles ever meet.  
 Thus Paradise did our first Parents woove,  
 To harmeleffe sweets, at first posselt by two.  
 And o're this second, wee'le usurpe the throne ;  
*Castara*, wee'le obey and rule alone.  
 For the rich vertue of this soyle I feare,  
 Would be depraved, should but a third be there.

*To CASTARA .  
in a Trance.*

**F**orsake me not so soone. *Castara* stay,  
And as I breake the prison of my clay,  
He fill the Canvas with m'expiring breath,  
And with thee saile o're the vast maine of  
Some Cherubin thus as we passe shall play. [death.  
Goe happy twins of love ; The courteous Sea  
Shall smoothe her wrinkled brow : the winds shal sleep,  
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.  
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,  
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.  
Th' indulgent skie shall smile : each starry quire  
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.  
While Love the Pilot, steeres his course so even,  
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.


*To DEATH.  
CASTARA being sicke.*

**H**ence prophane grim man, nor dare  
To approach so neere my faire.  
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,  
Church-yards, Charnell houses, graves,  
Where the living loath to be,  
Heaven hath design'd to thee.  
But it needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,  
Let thy fury feed on age.  
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,  
May supply thy sacrifice.  
Yet perhaps as thou flew'st by,  
A flamed dart shot from her eye,  
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,  
Whence th' art forc't to hover nigh her.  
If Love so mistooke his aime,


Gently welcome in the flame :  
 They who loath'd thee, when they see  
 Where thou harbor'ft, will love thee.  
 Onely I, fuch is my fate,  
 Muft thee as a rivall hate,  
 Court her gently, learne to prove,  
 Nimble in the thefts of love.  
 Gaze on th' errors of her haire :  
 Touch her lip; but oh beware,  
 Left too ravenous of thy bliffe,  
 Thou shouldft murder with a kiffe.

*To C A S T A R A.*

*Inviting her to fleepe.*

leepe my *Castara*, filence doth invite  
 Thy eyes to clofe up day; though envious night  
 Grieves Fate should her the fight of them debarre,  
 For ſhe is exil'd, while they open are.  
 Reft in thy peace ſecure. With drowſie charmes,  
 Kinde ſleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes ;  
 And finding where Loves chiefeſt treaſure lies,  
 Is like a theefe ſtole under thy bright eyes.  
 Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt  
 Wrought by the Perſian hand, thy dreames from guilt  
 Exempted, heaven with ſweete reſoſe doth crowne  
 Each vertue, ſofter then the Swans ſam'd downe.  
 As exorcists wild ſpirits mildly lay,  
 May ſleepe thy fever calmly chaſe away.

*Upon C A S T A R A ' S recoverie.*

He is reſtor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,  
 Thy mercie in permitting vitall breath  
 Backe to *Castara*, hath enlarg'd us all,  
 Whome griefe had martyr'd in her funerall.  
 While others in the ocean of their teares,

Had sinking, wounded the beholders eares,  
 With exclamations : I without a grone,  
 Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone :  
 There stood a statue, till the generall doome ;  
 Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.  
 While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,  
 Each Lover might this Epitaph have read.

“ Her earth lyes here below ; her soul's above,  
 “ This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love.”

*To a Friend,*

*Inviting him to a meeting upon promise.*



Ay you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine  
 Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam* divine ;  
 If you make breach of promise. I have now  
 So rich a Sacke, that even your selfe will bow  
 T' adore my *Genius*. Of this wine should *Prynne*  
 Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne  
 A health to *Shakespeares* ghost, But you may bring  
 Some excuse forth, and answer me, the King  
 To day will give you audience, or that on  
 Affaires of state, you and some serious Don  
 Are to resolve ; or else perhaps you'll fin  
 So farre, as to leave word y'ar not within.

The least of these, will make me only thinke  
 Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke  
 Drunke even alone, and thus made wise create  
 As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state,  
 Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore  
 To *Holland*, all the herrings from our shore.

But y'are too full of candour : and I know  
 Will sooner stones at *Sals'burg* casements throw,  
 Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits, all  
 The rich impropriations, then let pall  
 So pure Canary, and breake such an oath :  
 Since charity is sinn'd against in both.



Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale,  
 Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale  
 Say grace in Latine; while I faintly sing  
 A Penitential verse in oyle and Ling.  
 Come then, and bring with you prepar'd for fight,  
 Vnmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right!  
 This I am sure: My sacke will disingage  
 All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,  
 That *Hypocrene* shall henceforth Poets lacke,  
 Since more Enthusiasmes are in my sacke.  
 Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,  
 How good *Castara* is, how deare my friend.

*To CASTARA.*

*Where true happinesse abides.*



*Castara* whisper in some deads mans care,  
 This subtile *quare*; and hee'le point out where,  
 By answers negatiue, true joyes abide.  
 Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide  
 Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have,  
 Vpon the trepidation of a wave.  
 Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,  
 Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,  
 To covetous man so fatall. Nor ith' grace  
 Love they to wanton of a brighter face,  
 For th'are above Times battery; and the light  
 Of beauty, ages cloud will soone be night.  
 If among these Content, he thus doth prove,  
 Hath no abode; where dwels it but in Love?

*To CASTARA.*



OrfAKE with me the earth, my faire,  
 And travell nimble through the aire,  
 Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;  
 Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes  
 Which blind themselves, make creatures see.  
 And taking view of all, when we

Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare ;  
 Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.  
 Nor will we still each other view,  
 Wee'le gaze on lesser starres then you ;  
 See how by their weake influence they,  
 The strongest of mens actions sway.  
 In an inferiour orbe below,  
 Wee'le see *Calisto* loosely throw  
 Her haire abroad : as she did weare,  
 The self-same beauty in a Beare,  
 As when she a cold Virgin stood,  
 And yet inflam'd *Ioves* lustfull blood.  
 Then looke on *Lede*, whose faire beames  
 By their reflection guild those streames,  
 Where first unhappy she began  
 To play the wanton with a Swan.  
 If each of these loose beauties are  
 Transform'd to a more beauteous starre  
 By the adult'rous lust of *Love* ;  
 Why should not we, by purer love ?

*To C A S T A R A,  
 Vpon the death of a Lady.*



*Astara* weepe not, though her tombe appeare,  
 Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare :  
 The marble will but wanton with thy woe.  
 Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow  
 To lose our selves in the insatiate Maine,  
 Whence Rivers may, she<sup>1</sup> ne're returne againe.  
 Nor grieve this Christall streame so soone did fall  
 Into the Ocean ; since she perfum'd all  
 The banks she past, so that each neighbour field  
 Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld.  
 Which now adorne her Hearse. The violet there  
 On her pale cheeke doth the sad livery weare,  
 Which heavens compassion gave her ; And since she  
 Cause cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,  
 As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,

<sup>1</sup> we. 1634.

And fading, on her Lady waits in death.  
 Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did  
 Great *Cleopatra*, when she dying chid  
 The Asps flow venome, trembling she should be  
 By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.  
 The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come then all  
 Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,  
 And with her, to increase deaths pompe, decay.  
 Since the supporting fabricke of your clay  
 Is false, how can ye stand? How can the night  
 Shew stars, when Fate puts out the dayes great light?  
 But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,  
 She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfeit.  
 Come you who speake your titles. Reade in this  
 Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is.  
 What's honour but a hatchment? what is here  
 Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names most deare  
 To vertue? but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,  
 An Eagle groaning o're an infant flaine?  
 Or what avails her, that she once was led,  
 A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,  
 Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive  
 There are, who these sad obsequies survive  
 And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be  
 Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.  
 Come all who glory in your wealth, and view  
 The embleme of your frailty. How untrue  
 (Though flattering like friends) your treasures are,  
 Her Fate hath taught<sup>1</sup>: who, when what ever rare  
 The either Indies boast, lay richly spread  
 For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.  
 Come likewise my *Castara* and behold,  
 What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,  
 Bestow'd on her in death. She past away  
 So sweetely from the world, as if her clay  
 Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbear  
 To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.  
 But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe,  
 Left grieve disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

<sup>1</sup> Her Fate hath taught you: who, when what ever rare, 1634, 1635.

*To C A S T A R A,*  
*Being to take a journey.*



Hat's death more than departure; the dead go  
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know  
Those regions they heard mention of: 'Tis th' art  
Of forrowes, fayer, who dye doe but depart.  
Then weepe thy funerall teares: which heaven t'adorne  
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,  
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be  
As naked, as it had no obsequie.  
Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,  
My sad *Castara*, you the sermon here  
Which I preach o're my hearfe: And dead, I tell  
My owne lives story, ring but my owne knell.  
But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath  
In sighes divided, rescues me from death.

*To C A S T A R A,*  
*Weeping.*



*Astara*! O you are too prodigall  
Oth' treasure of your teares; which thus let fall  
Make no returne: well plac'd calme peace might  
bring  
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd King.  
So the unskilfull Indian those bright jems,  
Which might adde majestie to Diadems,  
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store  
The thanklesse Sea, to make our Empire poore.  
When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,  
Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,  
Or else despairing to roote out abuse,  
Would ruine vitious earth; be then profuse.  
Light, chas'd rude chaos from the world before,  
Thy teares, by hindring it's returne, worke more.

To C A S T A R A.

*Vpon a sigh.*

**H** Heard a sigh, and something in my eare  
Did whisper, what my soule before did feare.  
That it was breath'd by thee. May th'easie Spring  
Enrich't with odours, wanton on the wing  
Of th' Easterne wind, may ne're his beauty fade,  
If he the treasure of this breath convey'd;  
'Twas thine by 'th musicke which th' harmonious breath  
Of Swans is like, propheticke in their death:  
And th' odour, for as it the nard expires,  
Perfuming Phoenix-like his funerall fires.  
The winds of Paradise fend such a gale,  
To make the Lovers vessels calmelie faile  
To his lov'd Port. This shall, where it inspires,  
Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

*To the Right Honourable the Lady F.*

Madam.

**Y** Ou saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:  
In which as incense to your sacred name  
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost  
To one another, and our fire be frost;  
When we omit to pay the tribute due  
To worth and vertue, and in them to you:  
Who are the soule of women. Others be  
But beauteous parts oth' female body; she  
Who boasts how many nimble *Cupids* skip  
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip:  
The other who in her soft breasts can shew  
Warne Violets growing in a banke of snow,  
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:  
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within

The chryftall violl of her wealthy palme,  
 The precious sweating of the Easterne balme.  
 And all these if you them together take,  
 And joyne with art, will but one body make,  
 To which the foule each vitall motion gives;  
 You are infus'd into it, and it lives.  
 But should you up to your blest mansion flie,  
 How loath'd an object wouldt the carkasse lie?  
 You are all mind. *Castara* when she looks,  
 On you th' Epitome of all, that bookes  
 Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise  
 Vnto your sex, that now even customes sayes  
 He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ  
 Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.  
*Castara* cries to me; Search out and find  
 The Mines of wisedome in her learned mind,  
 And trace her steps to honour; I aspire  
 Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

*To CASTARA,  
 Against opinion.*



Hy should we build, *Castara*, in the aire  
 Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,  
 What the weake faith of man gives us for right?  
 The jugling world cheats but the weaker sight.  
 What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,  
 As ample pleasures of th' indulgent earth  
 We joy, who on the ground our mansion finde,  
 As they, who faile like witches in the wind  
 Of Court applause. What can their powerfull spell  
 Over enchanted man, more than compell  
 Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme  
 Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.  
 Tyrant Opinion but depose. And we  
 Will absolute ith' happiest Empire be.

To C A S T A R A.

*Vpon beautie.*



*Castara*, see that dust, the sportive wind  
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde  
Left of some beauty: and how still it flies,  
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.

O empty boast of flesh? Though our heires gild  
The farre fetch Phrigian marble, vvhich shall build  
A burthen to our ashes, yet will death  
Betray them to the sport of every breath.  
Dost thou, poor relique of our frailty, still  
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,  
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise  
Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raise.

If so, mocke on, And tell him that his lust  
To beauty's, madnesse. For it courts but dust.

To C A S T A R A,

*Melancholly.*




Ere but that sigh a penitentiall breath  
That thou art mine: It would blow with it death,  
T' inclose me in my marble: Where I'de be  
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.

What should we envy? Though with larger saile  
Some dance upon the Ocean: yet more fraile  
And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,  
Blest in the safety of a private tide.

We still have land in ken. And 'cause our boat  
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float  
Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud  
Is big with thunder, every wind speakes loud.

And though wild rockes about the shore appeare  
Yet vertue will finde roome to anchor there.

*A Dialogue betweene*  
**Araphill and Castara.**

- Araph.**  *Castara*, you too fondly court  
 The filken peace with which we  
 cover'd are,  
 Vnquiet time may for his sport,  
 Vp from its iron den rowse sleepe warre.
- Cast.** Then in the language of the drum,  
 I will instruct my yet affrighted eare,  
 All women shall in me be dumbe;  
 If I but with my *Araphill* be there?
- Araph.** If Fate like an unfaithfull gale,  
 Which having vow'd to th'ship a faire event,  
 Oth' sudden rends her hopefull faile;  
 Blow ruine; will *Castara* then repent?
- Cast.** Love shall in that tempestuous showre [show:  
 Her brightest blossome like the blacke-thorne  
 VVeake friendship prospers by the powre  
 Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.
- Araph.** If on my skin the noysome skar  
 I should oth'leprosie, or canker weare;  
 Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre [feare?  
 Should blast my youth; Should I not be thy
- Cast.** In flesh may sicknesse horror move,  
 But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd,  
 For then wee'd like two Angels love, [mind.  
 VVithout a sense; imbrace<sup>1</sup> each others
- Araph.** VVere it not impious to repine;  
 'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath.  
 That two must be, whom heaven did joyne  
 In such a happy one, disjoyn'd by death.

<sup>1</sup> Without a sense; and clip each others mind. 1634, 1635.



**Cast.** That's no divorce. Then shall we see [state,  
 The rites in life, were types o'th marriage  
 Our soules on earth contracted be ;  
 But they in heaven their nuptials consummate.

<sup>1</sup> *To the Right Honourable HENRY Lord M.*

My Lord.

**M**Y thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth  
 so farre predominate in me, that mirth  
 Lookes not as lovely as when our delight  
 First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight  
 To lazie time ; who would, to have survai'd  
 Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.  
 And they were harmelesse. For obedience  
 If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of fence ;  
 VVe shall but with a sugred venome meete ;  
 No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.  
 And that's your choyce : who adde the title good  
 To that of noble. For although the blood  
 Of *Marshall*, *Stanley*, and '*La Pole* doth flow  
 VVith happy *Brandon's* in your veines ; you owe  
 Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone  
 Oth' ground of honour : For desert's our ovvne.  
 Be that your ayme. I'le vvith *Castara* fit  
 Ith' shade, from heat of businesse. VVhile my vvith  
 Is neither big vvith an ambitious ayme,  
 To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,  
 For after ages, or to win conceit  
 Oth' present, and grow in opinion great.  
 Rich in our selves, we envy not the East,  
 Her rockes of Diamonds, or her gold the West.  
*Arabia* may be happy in the death  
 Of her reviving *Phœnix* ; In the breath  
 Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove  
 Of *Tempe* ; while we in each others love.  
 For that let us be fam'd. And when of all  
 That Nature made us two, the funerall

<sup>1</sup> *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord HENRY Lord M.*

Leaves but a little dust ; (which then as wed,  
 Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)  
 The Bride and Bridegroom on the solemne day,  
 Shall with warm zeale approach our Vrne, to pay  
 Their vowes, that heaven should blesse so farre their rites,  
 To shew them the faire paths to our delights.

*To a Tombe.*

**T**Yrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost  
 Clip the lascivious beauty without lust ; [fence ;  
 What horror at thy sight shootes through each  
 How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,  
 Which never flatters ? Thou instruct'st the proud,  
 That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,  
 Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they have  
 Fresh in their cheeke, are strewd upon a grave.  
 Thou tell'st the rich, their Idoll is but earth.  
 The vainely pleas'd, that Syren-like their mirth  
 Betrayes to mischief, and that onely he  
 Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.  
 Which yet more zeale doth to *Castara* move.  
 What checks me, when the tombe perswades to love?

*To CASTARA.*

*Vpon thought of Age and Death.*

**T**He breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring,  
 Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring  
 So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light  
 Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.  
 Some melancholly chamber of the earth,  
<sup>1</sup>(For that like Time devoures whom it gave breath)  
 Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere  
 Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.  
 But I vvwhose grieve no formall limits bound,  
 Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,  
 VVill there immure my selfe. And thus I shall

<sup>1</sup> (For she like Time devoures whom she gave breath)

Thy mourner be, and my ovvne funerall.

Else by the vveeping magicke of my verse,

Thou hadst reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearfe.

<sup>1</sup>*To the Right Honourable, the Lord P.*

My Lord.



He reverend man by magicke of his prayer  
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are  
Contracted into one. The holy lights  
Smil'd vvith a cheerfull lustre on our rites,  
And every thing presag'd full happinesse  
To mutuall love; if you'le the omen blesse.  
Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before  
Afflicted Seas fought refuge on the shore  
From the angry Northvvind. Ere th'astonisht Spring  
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,  
Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd  
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.  
Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,  
Or more uncertaine hopes: for had I stood  
On th' highest ground of fortune, the world knowne  
No greatnesse but what waited on my throne;  
And she had onely had that face and mind,  
I, with my selfe, had th'earth to her resign'd.  
In vertue there's an Empire. And so sweete  
The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,  
As fellow Consull; that of heaven they  
Nor earth partake; who would her disobey.  
This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why  
I ought to love *Castara*, through my eye,  
This soft obedience stole into my heart.  
Then found I love might lend to th'quick-ey'd art  
Of Reason yet a purer sight: For he  
Though blind, taught her these Indies first to see,  
In whose possession I at length am blest,  
And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,  
As all things to my powre subdu'd, To me  
Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

<sup>1</sup> *To the Right Honorable, my very good Lord, the Lord P.* 1634, 1635..

*His Muse speakes to him.*

**T**Hy vowes are heard, and thy *Castara's* name  
 Is writ as faire ith' Register of Fame,  
 As th' ancient beauties which translated are  
 By Poets vp to heaven; each there a starre.  
 And though Imperiall *Tiber* boast alone  
*Ovids Corinna*, and to *Arn* is knowne  
 But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous Thames  
 Doth murmur *Sydneys Stella* to her streames.  
 Yet hast thou *Severne* left, and she can bring  
 As many quires of Swans, as they to sing  
 Thy glorious love: Which living shall by thee  
 The onely Sov'raigne of those waters be.  
 Dead in loves firmament, no starre shall shine  
 So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

*To Vaine hope.*

**T**Hou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale,  
 Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy faile  
 Of glorious fooles. Thou guid'ft them who thee  
 court  
 To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.  
 Were I not mad, who when secure at ease,  
 I might ith' Cabbin passe the raging Seas,  
 Would like a franticke shipboy wildly haste,  
 To climbe the giddy top of th'unsafe mast?  
 Ambition never to her hopes did faine  
 A greatnesse, but I really obtaine  
 In my *Castara*. Wer't not fondnesse then  
 T' embrace<sup>1</sup> the shadowes of true blisse? And when  
 My Paradise all flowers and fruits both breed:  
 To rob a barren garden for a weed?

<sup>1</sup> clip. 1634, 1635.

To CASTARA,

*How happy, though in an obscure fortune.*



Ere we by fate throwne downe below our feare;  
 Could we be poore? Or question Natures care  
 In our provision? She who doth afford  
 A feather'd garment fit for every bird,  
 And onely voyce enough t'expresse delight.  
 She who apparels Lillies in their white,  
 As if in that she'de teach mans duller fence,  
 Wh'are highest, should be so in innocence.  
 She who in damaske doth attire the Rose,  
 (And man t'himselfe a mockery to propose,  
 'Mong whom the humblest Iudges grow to sit)  
 She who in purple cloathes the Violet:  
 If thus she cares for things even voyd of fence;  
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?

To CASTARA.



Hat can the freedome of our love enthrall?  
 Castara were we dispossess'd of all  
 The gifts of fortune; richer yet than she  
 Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.  
 Love in himselfe's a world. If we should have  
 A mansion but in some forsaken cave;  
 Wee'd smooth misfortune: and our selves thinke then  
 Retir'd like Princes from the noise of men,  
 To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast,  
 That should the silence of our cell infest,  
 With clamor, seeking prey; Wee'd fancie were  
 Nought but an avaritious Courtier.  
 VVealth's but opinion. VVho thinks others more  
 Of treasures have, than we, is<sup>1</sup> onely poore.

*On the death of the Right Honourable,  
G E O R G E Earle of S.*

**B**Right Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse,  
Appeare in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,  
To envie heaven. For fame it selfe now weares  
Griefes Livery, and onely speaks in teares.

And pardon you *Castara*, if a while  
Your memory I banish from my stile ;  
VVhen I have payd his death the tribute due,  
Of sorrow, I'll returne to Love and you.  
Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a shewre  
Can force from every eye ? And hath even powre  
To alter natures course ? How else should all  
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall :  
Th' illiterate vulgar in a well tun'd breath,  
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death,  
For its<sup>1</sup> bold rape, while the sad Poets song  
Is yet unheard, as if grieve had no tongue.  
Th'amaz'd marriner having lost his way  
In the tempestuous defart of the Sea,  
Lookes vp but findes no starres. They all conspire  
To darke themselves, t'enlighten this new fire.  
The learn'd Ast'onomer with daring eye,  
Searching to tracke the Spheres through which you flie,  
(Most beauteous foule) doth in his journey faile,  
And blushing, sayes, the subtlest art is fraile,  
And but truths counterfet. Your flight doth teach,  
Faire Vertue hath an Orbe beyond his reach.

But I grow dull with sorrow. Vnkinde Fate  
To play the tyrant and subvert the state  
Of settled goodnesse. Who shall henceforth stand  
A pure example to enforme the Land  
Of her loose riot<sup>2</sup> ? Who shall counter-checke  
The wanton pride of greatnesse ; and direct  
Straid honour in the true magnificke way ?

<sup>1</sup> his. 1634, 1635.

<sup>2</sup> wit. 1634.

Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t'obey  
 The hard commands of reason? And how sweet  
 The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?  
 Who will with silent piety confute  
 Atheisticke Sophistry, and by the fruite  
 Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood  
 A Virgin law and dare be great and good?  
 Who will despise his stiles? And nobly weigh  
 In judgements ballance, that his honour'd clay  
 Hath no advantage by them? Who will live  
 So innocently pious, as to give  
 The world no scandall? Who'le himself deny,  
 And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?  
 My griefe distracts me. If my zeale hath said,  
 What checks the living; know. I serve the dead.  
 The dead, who needs no monumentall vaults,  
 With his pale ashes to intombe his faults.  
 Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore  
 For benefit; for worth, the rich adore.  
 Who liv'd a solitary Phænix free  
 From the commerce with mischiefe, joy'd to be  
 Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did move,  
 Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love.  
 Alone he flourisht, 'till the fatall houre  
 Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre  
 Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest,  
 He tooke his flight to everlasting rest.  
 There shine great Lord, and with propitious eyes,  
 Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

*To my worthy Cousin Mr. E. C.*

*In praise of the City life, in the long Vacation.*



Like the greene plufh which your meadows weare;  
 I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare  
 Their wealthy burden to th'industrious Bore.  
 Nor doe I difallow that who are poore

In minde and fortune, thither should retire :  
 But hate that he who's warme with <sup>h</sup>oly fire  
 Of any knowledge, and 'mong-us may feast  
 On Nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,  
 And graze ith' Country. Why did nature wrong  
 So much her paines, as to give you a tongue  
 And fluent language ; If converse you hold  
 With Oxen in the stall, and sheep ith' fold ?  
 But now it's long Vacation you will say  
 The towne is empty, and who ever may  
 To th' pleasure of his Country home repaire,  
 Flyes from th' infection of our *London* aire.  
 In this your errour. Now's the time alone  
 To live here ; when the City Dame is gone,  
 T' her house at *Brandford* ; for beyond that she  
 Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,  
 Where lies her husbands Factor. When from hence  
 Rid is the Country Iustice whose non-sence  
 Corrupted had the language of the Inne,  
 Where he and his horse litter'd : We beginne  
 To live in silence, when the noyse oth' Bench  
 Not deafens *Westminster*, nor corrupt French  
 Walkes *Fleet-street* in her gowne. Ruffes of the Barre,  
 By the Vacations powre translated are,  
 To Cut-worke bands. And who were busie here,  
 Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.  
 The aire by this is purg'd, and the Termes strife,  
 Thus fled the City : we the civill life  
 Lead happily. When in the gentle way,  
 Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,  
 Contracted to a moment : I retire.  
 To my *Castara*, and meet such a fire  
 Of mutuall love : that if the City were  
 Infected, that would purifie the ayre.



*Loves Aniversarie*  
*To the Sunne.*

**T**Hou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre  
 In which I first by marriage, sacred power,  
 Ioynd with *Castara* hearts : And as the same  
 Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame :  
 Which had increast, but that by loves decree,  
 'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.  
 But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey,  
 Of things below thee, what did not decay  
 By age to weaknesse? I since that have seene  
 The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene  
 And wither, and the beauty of the field  
 With Winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld  
 Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.  
 But vertuous love is one sweet endlesse fire.

*Against them who lay unchastity to*  
*the sex of Women.*

**T**hey meet but with unwholesome Springs,  
 And Summers which infectious are :  
 They heare but when the Mermaid sings,  
 And onely see the falling starre :  
 Who ever dare,  
 Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe cure your feavers : and you'le say  
 The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare :  
 In Copper Mines no longer stay,  
 But travell to the West, and there  
 The right ones see :  
 And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cau'd the glow-wormes flame  
 Is cold, sweares there's no warmth in fire?  
 Cause some make forfeit of their name,

And slave themselves to mans desire ;  
 Shall the sex free  
 From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be ?

Nor grieve *Castara*, though 'twere fraile,  
 Thy Vertue then would brighter shine,  
 When thy example should prevaile,  
 And every womans faith be thine.

And were there none ;  
 'Tis Majesty to rule alone.

*To the Right Honourable and excellently  
 learned, WILLIAM Earle of St.*

My Lord,



He Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath  
 As aptly now, as when your youth did breath  
 Those tragicke raptures which your name shall  
 From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave. [save  
 Nor shall your Day ere fet, till the Sunne shall  
 From the blind heavens like a cynder fall ;  
 And all the elements intend their strife,  
 To ruine what they fram'd : Then your fames life,  
 When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire  
 Attended by the world ith' generall fire.  
 Fame lengthens thus her selfe. And I to tread  
 Your steps to glory, searck among the dead,  
 Where Vertue lies obscur'd ; that as I give  
 Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.  
 Now I resolve in triumph of my verse,  
 To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearse,  
 Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose :  
 Then to sing *Herbert* who so glorious rose,  
 With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth shine  
 Yet in the faith of noblest *Pembrookes* line.  
 Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare  
 To speake the mighty *Percy*, neereft heire,  
 In merits as in blood, to CHARLES the great :  
 Then *Darbies* worth and greatnesse to repeat :

Or *Morleyes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,  
 Whose valour lies eterniz'd in his name.  
 But while I thinke to sing those of my bloud,  
 And my *Castara's*; Loves unruly flood  
 Breakes in, and beares away what ever stands,  
 Built by my lufie fancy on the sands.

To CASTARA,

*Vpon an embrace.*

**B** Out th' Husband Oke, the Vine  
 Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face :  
 Their streames thus Rivers joyne,  
 And lose themselves in the embrace.  
 But Trees want fence when they infold,  
 And Waters when they meet, are cold.

'Thus 'Turtles bill, and grone  
 'Their loves into each others eare :  
 'Two flames thus burne in one,  
 When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare.  
 But Birds want soule though not desire :  
 And flames materiall soone expire.

If not prophane ; we'll say  
 When Angels close, their joyes are such.  
 For we not love obey  
 'That's ballard to a fleshly touch.  
 Let's close *Castara* then, since thus  
 We patterne Angels, and they us.

*To the Honourable, G. T.*

**I**f not thy grones force *Eccho* from her cave,  
 Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,  
 Which last *Atreus's* kilt : let no darke grove  
 Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.  
 What though the wind be turn'd ? Canst thou not faile  
 By virtue of a cleane contrary gale,

Into some other Port? Where thou wilt find,  
 It was thy better *Genius* chang'd the wind,  
 To steere thee to some Iland in the West,  
 For wealth and pleasure, that transcends thy East.  
 Though *Astrodora*, like a fullen starre  
 Eclipse her selfe : Ith' sky of beauty are  
 Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she.  
 And who with milder beames, may shine on thee.  
 Nor yet doth this Eclipse beare a portent,  
 That should affright the world : The firmament  
 Enjoies the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,  
 And the young Spring doth like a Bride appeare,  
 As fairely wed to the *Theffalian* grove  
 As e're it was ; though she and you not love.  
 And we two, who like two bright stars have shin'd  
 Ith' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd  
 As bloud and love first fram'd us. And to be  
 Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,  
 Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend  
 An honour, equals that of *Talbots* friend.  
 Nor envie me that my *Castara's* flame  
 Yeelds me a constant warmth : Though first I came  
 To marriage happy Ilands : Seas to thee  
 Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.  
 Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine ;)   
 To this delicious port : and make love thine.

### To CASTARA.

#### *The reward of Innocent Love.*



WE saw and woo'd each others eyes,  
 My soule contracted then with thine,  
 And both burnt in one sacrifice.  
 By which our Marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,  
 Prophane the Temple of delight.  
 And purchase endlesse penitence,  
 With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time 's ever ours, while we dispise  
 The sensuall idoll of our clay.  
 For though the Sunne doe set and rise,  
 We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,  
 While each of us shine innocent.  
 The troubled streame is still impure,  
 With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,  
 Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.  
 For sinnes blacke danger circles her,  
 Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,  
 Death shall our loving coffins thrust ;  
 Fame will build columnes on our tombe,  
 And adde a perfume to our dust.

*To my noblest Friend, Sir I. P. Knight.*

Sir,

**T**Hough my deare *Talbots* Fate exact, a sad  
 And heavy brow ; my verse shall not be clad  
 For him this houre in mourning : I will write  
 To you the glory of a pompous night,  
 Which none (except sobriety) who wit  
 Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.  
 I (who still sinne for company) was there  
 And tasted of the glorious supper, where  
 Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest  
 Oth' *Phoenix* rifled seem'd t'amaze the feast,  
 And th' Ocean left so poore that it alone  
 Could since vant wretched herring and poore Iohn.  
*Lucullus* surfets, were but types of this,  
 And whatsoever riot mention'd is  
 In story, did but the dull *Zany* play,  
 To this proud night ; which rather wee'le terme day :  
 For th'artificiall lights so thicke were set,

That bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit  
 But seven (whom whether we should Sages call  
 Or deadly finnes, Ile not dispute) were all  
 Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare  
 Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' *Hungarian* did prepare  
 Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when  
 He layd his happy siege to *Nortlinghen*.  
 The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke  
 That *Linx* himselfe thought his sight fam'd so quicke,  
 Had there scarce spyed one sober: For the wealth  
 Of the *Canaries* was exhaust, the health  
 Of his good Majestye to celebrate,  
 Who'le judge them loyall subjects without that :  
 Yet they, who some fond privilege to mainteine,  
 VVould have rebeld ; their best freehold, their braine  
 Surrender'd there ; and five 'fteenes did pay  
 To drink his happy life and reigne. O day  
 It was thy piety to flye ; th' hadst beene  
 Found accessary else to this fond sinne.  
 But I forget to speake each stratagem  
 By which the dishes enter'd, and in them  
 Each luscious miracle, As if more bookes  
 Had written beene oth' mystry of Cookes  
 Then the Philos'phers stone, here we did see  
 All wonders in the kitchin Alchimy :  
 But Ile not have you there, before you part  
 You shall have something of another art.  
 A banquet raining downe so fast, the good  
 Old Patriarch would have thought a generall flood :  
 Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty showre  
 Of Amber comfits it sweete selfe did powre  
 Vpon our heads, and Suckets from our eye  
 Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,  
 That it was question'd whether heaven were  
*Black-fryers*, and each starre a confectioner ;  
 But I too long detaine you at a feast  
 You hap'ly fuffet of ; now every guest  
 Is reeld downe to his coach ; I licence crave  
 Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

*To The Right Honourable Archibald  
Earle of Ar.*



F your example be obey'd  
The serious few will live ith' silent shade :  
And not indanger by the wind  
Or Sunshine, the complexion of their mind :  
Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin  
That it decays with the least taint of sin.  
Vice growes by custome, nor dare we  
Reject it as a slave, where it breathes free,  
And is no priviledge denyed ;  
Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.  
Wherefore your Lordship in your selfe  
(Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelve  
Of humbler fortune) lives at ease,  
Safe from the rocks oth' shore, and stormes oth'Seas.  
Your soule's a well built City, where  
There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:  
No rebels wilde distractions move ;  
For you the heads have crusht ; Rage, Envy, Love.  
And therefore you defiance bid  
To open enmity, or mischief hid  
In fawning hate and supple pride,  
Who are on every corner fortifide.  
Your youth not rudely led by rage  
Of blood, is now the story of your age  
Which without boast you may averre  
'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer :  
Glory not purchast by the breath  
Of Sycophants, but by encountring death.  
Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes  
Did make your fight, but justice of the cause.  
For but mad prodigals they are  
Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.  
When well made peace hath clos'd the eyes  
Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.  
Your life as well as powre, did awe

The bad, and to the good was the best law :  
 When most men vertue did pursue  
 In hope by it to grow in fame like you.  
 Nor when you did to court repaire,  
 Did you your manners alter with the ayre.  
 You did your modesty retaine  
 Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine. ,  
 Nor did all the soft flattery there  
 Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.  
 And though your roofes were richly guilt,  
 The basis was on no wards ruine built.  
 Nor were your vassals made a prey,  
 And forc't to curse the Coronation day.  
 And though no bravery was knowne  
 To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.  
 For 'twas the indulgence of fate,  
 To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state ?  
 But I, my Lord, who have no friend  
 Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.  
 'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire  
 Of action ; nor is't safe, farre to retire.  
 Yet better lost ith' multitude  
 Of private men, then on the state t'intrude,  
 And hazard for a doubtfull smile,  
 My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.  
 Ile therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke  
 That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke  
 With my *Castara*, or some friend,  
 My youth not guilty of ambition spend.  
 To my own shade (if fate permit)  
 Ile whisper some soft musique of my wit.  
 And flatter to my selfe, Ile see  
 By that, strange motion steale into the tree.  
 But still my first and chiefeest care  
 Shall be t'appease offended heaven with prayer :  
 And in such mold my thoughts to cast,  
 That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last.  
 How ere it's sweete lust to obey,  
 Vertue though rugged, is the safest way.



*An Elegy upon The Honourable Henry  
Cambell, sonne to the Earle of Ar[g].*

**T**s false Arithmaticke to say thy breath  
Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death  
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares  
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,  
Thou didst the old *Methusalem* out-live.  
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give  
Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre  
Of thy brave youth by vertues wondrous powre  
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day  
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.  
Such miracles workes goodnesse : and behind  
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde  
Fit for example ; that when them we read,  
We envy earth the treasure of the dead.  
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive  
The feavers of their fursfets ? Why alive  
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they  
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey ?  
Why lives the gamester. who doth blacke the night  
With cheats and imprecations ? Why is light  
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it :  
Who sold the vigor of their strength and wit  
To buy diseases : and thou, who faire truth  
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth ?

But Ile not question fate. Heaven doth conveigh  
Those first from the darke prison of their clay  
Who are most fit for heaven. Thou in warre  
Hadst tane degrees, those dangers felt, which are  
The props on which peace safely doth subsist  
And through the Cannons blew and horrid mist  
Hadst brought her light : And now wert so compleat  
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,  
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we

Who dyed rob'd of thy life : in whose increafe  
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,  
We all did share : and thou away we feare  
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.

Each then be his owne mourner, Wee'le to thee  
Write hymnes, upon the world an Elegie.

*To C A S T A R A.*

**W**Hy should we feare to melt away in death ;  
May we but dye together. When beneath  
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove  
Religious, and call it the shrine of Love.

There, when oth' wedding eve some beautilous maid,  
Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid  
The tribute of her vowes ; oth' sudden shee  
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see :  
And cry out, ye sweet emblems of their zeale  
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale  
The story of our future joyes, how we  
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be ?  
If not ; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,  
And I will weepe and wither hence with you.

*To C A S T A R A,*


*Of what we were before our creation.*

**W**hen *Pelion* wondring saw, that raine which fell  
But now from angry Heaven, to Heaven ward  
swell :

When th' Indian Ocean did the wanton play,  
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea :  
And the whole earth was water : O where then  
Were we *Castara* ? In the fate of men  
Lost underneath the waves ? Or to beguile  
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in *Noahs* floating Isle ?  
We had no being then. This fleshly frame  
Wed to a soule, long after, hither came

A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were  
 But the last age, no news of us did heare.  
 What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day  
 Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.


*To the Moment last past.*

 Whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow  
 Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,  
 And thou art gone: like ships which plough the  
 Sea,

And leave no print for man to tracke their way.  
 O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can  
 Out-vie the jewels of the Ocean,  
 The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee  
 Had beene a purchase for eternity!  
 We will not loose thee then. *Castara*, where  
 Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;  
 And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth  
 Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth.  
 Vndone in thrift! while we besought his stay,  
 Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

*To C A S T A R A.*

*Of the knowledge of Love.*

 Here sleepes the North-wind when the South  
 inspires  
 Life in the spring, and gathers into quires  
 The scatter'd Nightingales; whose subtle eares  
 Heard first th' harmonious language of the Spheares;  
 Whence hath the stone Magneticke force t'allure  
 Th' enamour'd iron; From a seed impure  
 Or naturall did first the Mandrake grow;  
 What powre ith' Ocean makes it ebbe and flow;  
 What strange materials is the azure skye  
 Compacted of; of what its<sup>1</sup> brightest eye  
 The ever flaming Sunne; what people are  
 In th' unknowne world; what worlds in every star;

Let curious fancies at this secret rove ;  
*Castara* what we know, wee'le practise, Love.

*To the Right Honourable the Countesse of C.*

Madam,

**S**ould the cold *Muscovit*, whose furre and stove  
 Can scarfe prepare him heate enough for love,  
 But view the wonder of your presence, he  
 Would scorne his winters sharpest injury :  
 And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse  
 To write the beautilous triumphs of your prayse.  
 As a dull Poet even he would say,  
 Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day  
 Till that bright minute ; that he now admires  
 No more why the coy Spring so soone retires  
 From their unhappy clyme : It doth pursue  
 The Sun, and he derives his light from you.  
 Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick Sea  
 Is set at freedome, while the yce away  
 Doth melt at your approach ; how by so faire  
 Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are  
 Reduc't to order ; how to them you bring  
 The wealthiest mines below, above the Spring.  
 Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want  
 Religion to beleeve, there were a Saint  
 Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.  
 But I here pay my vowes to the devine  
 Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were  
 Not hid in a faire cloud but might appeare  
 In its full lustre, would make Nature live  
 In a state equall to her primitive.  
 But sweetly thats obscur'd. Yet though our eye  
 Cannot the splendor of your soule descry  
 In true perfection, by a glimmering light,  
 Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how bright  
 The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind  
 Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.  
 How hastily doth Nature build up man

<sup>1</sup> *To the Right Honorable, my very good Lady, the Countesse of C.* 1635.

To leave him so imperfect ? For he can  
 See nought beyond his fence ; she doth controule  
 So farre his sight, he nere discern'd a soule.  
 For had yours beene the object of his eye ;  
 It had turn'd wonder to Idolatry.

*The harmony of Love.*



*Amphion*, O thou holy shade !  
 Bring *Orpheus* up with thee :  
 That wonder may you both invade,  
 Hearing Loves harmony.  
 You who are soule, not rudely made  
 Vp, with Materiall eares,  
 And fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Harke ! when *Castara's* orbs doe move  
 By my first moving eyes,  
 How great the Symphony of Love,  
 But 'tis the destinies  
 Will not so farre my prayer approve,  
 To bring you hither, here  
 Left you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

Tis no dull Sublunary flame  
 Burnes in her heart and mine.  
 But something more, then hath a name.  
 So subtile and divine,  
 We know not why, nor how it came.  
 Which shall shine bright, till she  
 And the whole world of love, expire with me.

*To my honoured friend Sir Ed. P. Knight.*



Ou'd leave the silence in which safe we are,  
 To listen to the noyse of warre ;  
 And walke those rugged paths, the factious tread,  
 Who by the number of the dead

Reckon their glories, and thinke greatnesse flood  
 Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.  
 Secure ith' wall our Seas and ships provide  
 (Abhorring wars so barb'rous pride  
 And honour bought with slaughter) in content  
 Lets breath though humble, innocent.  
 Folly and madnesse ! Since 'tis ods we nere  
 See the fresh youth of the next yeare.  
 Perhaps not the chaste morne, her selfe disclose  
 Againe, t'out-blush th' æmulous rose,  
 Why doth ambition so the mind distresse  
 To make us scorne what we possesse?  
 And looke so farre before us? Since all we  
 Can hope, is varied misery?  
 Goe find some whispering shade neare *Arne* or *Poe*,  
 And gently 'mong their violets throw  
 Your wearyed limbs, and see if all those faire  
 Enchantments can charme grieffe or care?  
 Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you  
 The ruin'd Capitoll shall view  
 And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can  
 Not cure yet the disease of man,  
 And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where  
 Another Sun and Starres appeare,  
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,  
 And yet even there your selfe you'll meet.  
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find  
 New toyes for a fantastique mind;  
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring  
 By her aeriall quires doth sing  
 As sweetly to you, as if you were laid  
 Vnder the learn'd *Theffalian* shade,  
 Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'll find  
 A thousand regions in your mind  
 Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be  
 Expert in home Cosmographie.  
 This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve:  
 Man's a whole world within him selfe.

To CASTARA.

**G**Ive me a heart where no impure  
 Disorder'd passions rage,  
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,  
 Not vanity t' expence ingage,  
 Nor wooed to madnesse by quient oathes,  
 Or the fine Rhetoricke of cloathes,  
 Which not the softnesse of the age  
 To vice or folly doth decline;  
 Give me that heart (*Castara*) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke  
 Provokes new appetite:  
 VVith no fresh charme of beauty tooke,  
 Or wanton stratagem of wit;  
 Not Idly wandring here and there,  
 Led by an am'rous eye or eare.  
 Ayiming each beautilous marke to hit;  
 VVhich vertue doth to one confine:  
 Take thou that heart, *Castara*, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,  
 Observe but how it still  
 Doth listen how thine doth with me;  
 And guard it well, for else it will  
 Runne hither backe; not to be where  
 I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.  
 But without discipline, or skill.  
 Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move;  
 Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

To CASTARA.

*Of true delight.*



Hy doth the eare so tempt the voyce,  
That cunningly divides the ayre?  
VVhy doth the pallate buy the choyce  
Delights oth' fea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I, my eare obey  
The Eccho's loft even with the breath.  
And when the sewer takes away  
I'me left with no more taste, then death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes  
To procreate new loves with thine;  
Satiety makes fence despise  
VVhat superstition thought divine.

Quicke fancy how it mockes delight?  
As we conceive, things are not such,  
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,  
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

VVhen I have fold my heart to lust,  
And bought repentance with a kisse  
I find the malice of my dust,  
That told me hell contain'd a blisse.

The Rose yeelds her sweete blandishment  
Loft in the fold of lovers wreathes,  
The violet enchants the sent,  
When earely in the Spring she breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre  
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,  
Or an intruding cold hath powre  
To scorne the perfume of the Rose.

Our fences like false glasse show  
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,  
And makes the cosen'd fancy glow.  
Chaste vertue's onely true<sup>1</sup> and faire.



*To my noblest Friend, I. C. Esquire.*

Sir,



Hate the Countries durt and manners, yet  
 I love the silence ; I embrace the wit  
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.  
 But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.  
 No place each way is happy. Here I hold  
 Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold  
 (After a due oath ministred) the height  
 And greatnesse of each star shines in the state :  
 The brightnesse, the eclypse, the influence.  
 With others I commune, who tell me whence  
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow :  
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,  
 Soone as they happen ; and by rote can tell  
 Those *Germane* townes, even puzzle me to spell.  
 The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they  
 Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay :  
 And on each action comment, with more skill  
 Then upon *Livy*, did old *Machavill*.  
 O busie folly ! Why doe I my braine  
 Perplex with the dull pollicies of *Spaine*,  
 Or quicke designses of *France* ? Why not repaire  
 To the pure innocence oth' Country ayre :  
 And neighbor thee, deare friend ? Who so dost give  
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live  
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we  
 Arme against passion with Philotophie ;  
 And by the aide of leisure, so controule,  
 What-ere is earth in us, to grow all foule ?  
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when  
 VVe study misteries of other men  
 And torraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade  
 (Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,  
 Kind Natures hufwifery) contemplate all  
 His stratagems who labours to intrall  
 The world to his great Master ; and youle finde  
 Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.

Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare  
 A price for glory : Honour doth appeare  
 To statesmen like a vision in the night,  
 And jugler-like workes oth' deluded fight.  
 Th' unbusied onely wife : For no respect  
 Indangers them to error ; They affect  
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold  
 Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold  
 Or tall in title ; so much him they weigh  
 As Vertue raifeth him above his clay.  
 Thus let us value things : And since we find  
 Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind  
 Create new youth ; and arme against the rude  
 Assaults of age ; that no dull solitude  
 Oth' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care  
 Oth' towne make us not thinke, where now we are  
 And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot  
 His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

*To C A S T A R A.*

*What Lovers will say when she and he are  
 dead.*



Wonder when w'are dead, what men will say ;  
 Will not poore Orphan Lovers weepe.  
 The parents of their Loves decay ;  
 And envy death the treasure of our sleepe ?

Will not each trembling Virgin bring her feares  
 To th' holy silence of my Vrne ?  
 And chide the Marble with her teares,  
 Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne.

For had Fate spar'd but *Araphill* (she'le say)  
 He had the great example stood,  
 And forc't unconstant man obey  
 The law of Loves Religion, not of blood.

And youth by female perjury betraid,  
 Will to *Castara's* shrine deplore  
 His injuries, and death obrayd,  
 That woman lives more guilty, then before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre  
 Thy Sex (hee'le say) did onely move  
 By the chaste influence of a faire,  
 Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman, like a Meteor vapor'd forth  
 From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;  
 Not shining with a reall worth,  
 But subtile her blacke errors to disguise.

Thus will they talke, *Castara*, while our dust  
 In one darke vault shall mingled be.  
 The world will fall a prey to lust,  
 When Love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

*To his Muse.*

**H**Ere Virgin fix thy pillars, and command  
 They sacred may to after ages stand  
 In witnesse of loves triumph. Yet will we  
*Castara*, find new worlds in Poetry,  
 And conquer them. Not dully following those  
 Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in prose.  
 But we will henceforth more Religious prove,  
 Concealing the high mysteries of love  
 From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares,  
 Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares.  
 That Musicke to the Angels, this to fame,  
 I here commit. That when their holy flame,  
 True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,  
 They may invoke the *Genius* of my verse.

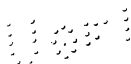
*FINIS.*

## A Friend.



*S*a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspition; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie.

*He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; So little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whisper'd danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirms the quarrell lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when he hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weakenesse. He is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softned to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men possesse, is an indigested Chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.*




*He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him; nor yet shall some few errors cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to bee justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any fordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptionous, for jealousie proceedes from weaknessse, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opiuiion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expreffion of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by enlarging it; and no Sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.*

*The Funerals of the Honourable, my best friend and  
Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT,  
Esquire.*

*Elegie, I.*

**T**Were malice to the fame; to weepe alone  
And not enforce an universall groane [plaine :  
From ruinous man, and make the World com-  
Yet I'll forbid my griefe to be prophane  
In mention of thy prayse; I'll speake but truth  
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.  
I can relate thy businesse here on earth,  
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth  
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue: but how farre  
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,  
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in  
Commision with a Throne, or Cherubin.  
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,  
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd: we may  
Without disturbing the harmonious Spheares,  
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.  
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder feis'd  
My active soule: Loud stormes of sighes are rais'd  
By empty griefes; they who can utter it,  
Doe no vent forth their sorrow, but their wit.  
I stood like *Niobe* without a grone,  
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone  
That doth lye over thee: I had no roome  
For witty griefe, fit onely for thy tombe.  
And friendships monument, thus had I stood;  
But that the flame I beare thee, warm'd my blood  
With a new life. Ile like a funerall fire  
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

*Elegie, 2.*

 *Albot* is dead. Like lightning which no par  
 Oth' body touches, but first strikes the heart,  
 This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in a  
 The flocke of sorrow, any charme can call  
 Death sooner up. For musiqu's in the breath  
 Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even ith' death  
 That brings with it, if you with this compare  
 All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre.  
 They cure (Physitians say) the element  
 Sicke with dull vapors, and to banishment  
 Confine infections; but this fatall shreeke,  
 Without the least redresse, is utter'd like  
 The last dayes summons, when Earths trophies lye  
 A scatter'd heape, and time it felse must dye.  
 What now hath life to boast of? Can I have  
 A thought lesse darke than th' horror of the grave  
 Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault  
 Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?  
 Hayle Sacred house in which his reliques sleepe?  
 Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,  
 These vows to thee! for since great *Talbot's* gone  
 Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none  
 But thy pale people: and in that confute  
 Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.  
 Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare  
 Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare  
 How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin  
 Is but a beautious shrine, in which black sin  
 Is Idoliz'd; thy eyes but Spheares where lust  
 Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.  
 Great *Atlas* of the state, descend with me.  
 But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee  
 With more aviso's, then thy costly spyes,  
 And shew how false are all those mysteries  
 Thy Sect receives, and though thy pallace swell  
 With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.  
 It will instruct you, Courtier, that your Art

Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart  
 But cheates your self, and all those subtill wayes  
 You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze  
 Where you your selfe shall loose, for though you breath  
 Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.  
 And 'twill thy Rhetorick false flesh confound ;  
 Which flatters thy fraile thoughts, no time can wound  
 This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence  
 Will teach my soule to triumph over fence,  
 Which hath its period in a grave, and there  
 Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.  
 Great Orator ! deare *Talbot* ! Still, to thee  
 May I an auditor attentive be :  
 And piously maintaine the same commerce  
 We held in life ! and if in my rude verse  
 I to the world may thy sad precepts read :  
 I will on earth interpret for the dead.

*Elegie, 3.*

**E**t me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though  
 I cannot tracke the way ; which thou didst goe  
 In thy coelestiall journey ; and my heart  
 Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art  
 How bright and wide thy glories ; yet I may  
 Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.  
 Best object to my heart ! what vertues be  
 Inherent even to the least thought of thee !  
 Death which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings feare  
 In its leane looke ; doth like a Prince appeare,  
 Now glorious to my eye, since it possesse  
 The wealthy empyre of that happie cheft  
 Which harbours thy rich dust ; for how can he  
 Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee ?  
 Sad midnight whispers with a greedy eare  
 I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare  
 Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright  
 His eye, who since thy death feelles no delight  
 In mans acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate



Doth in me a fublimier foule create.  
 And now my forrow followes thee, I tread  
 The milkie way, and fee the fnowie head  
 Of *Atlas* farre below, while all the high  
 Swolne buildings feeme but atomes to my eye.  
 I'me heighten'd by my ruine ; and while I  
 Weepe ore the vault where the fad afhes lye,  
 My foule with thine doth hold commerce above ;  
 Where we difcerne the stratagems, which Love,  
 Hate, and ambition, ufe, to cozen man ;  
 So fraile that every blaft of honour can  
 Swell him above himfelfe, each, adverfe guft  
 Him and his glories fhiver into duft.  
 How fmall feemes greatneffe here ! How not a fpan  
 His empire, who commands the Ocean.  
 Both that, which boasts fo much it's mighty ore  
 And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd its' fhore  
 Nor can it greater feeme, when this great All  
 For which men quarrell fo, is but a ball  
 Caft downe into the ayre to fport the ftarres.  
 And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,  
 Depopulated ftates, caus'd by their fway ;  
 And mans fo reverend wifedome but their play.  
 From thee, deare *Talbot*, living I did learne  
 The Arts of life, and by thy light difcerne  
 The truth, which men difpute. But by thee dead  
 I'me taught, upon the worlds gay pride to tread :  
 And that way fooner mafter it, than he  
 To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

*Elegie, 4.*



MY name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath  
 Did call upon : affirming that thy death  
 Would wound my poor fad heart. Sad it muft be  
 Indeed, loft to all thoughts of mirth in thee.  
 My Lord, if I with licence of your teares,  
 (Which your great brother's hearfe as dyamonds weares  
 T' enrich deaths glory) may but fpeake my owne :

Ile prove it, that no sorrow ere was knowne  
 Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe  
 In griefe a method: without forme I weepe.  
 The sonne (rich in his fathers fate) hath eyes  
 Wet just as long as are the obsequies.  
 The widow formerly a yeare doth spend  
 In her so courtly blackes. But for a Friend  
 We weepe an age, and more than th' Achorit, have  
 Our very thoughts confin'd within a Grave.  
 Chast Love who hadst thy triumph in my flame  
 And thou *Caslara* who had hadst a name,  
 But for this sorrow glorious: Now my verse  
 Is lost to you, and onely on *Talbots* herfe  
 Sadly attends. And till times fatall hand  
 Ruines, what's left of Churches, there shall stand.  
 There to thy selfe, deare *Talbot*, Ile repeat  
 Thy owne brave story; tell thy selfe how great  
 Thou wert in thy mindes Empire, and how all  
 Who out-live thee, see but the Funerall  
 Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,  
 They but weake apparitions are of thee.  
 So settled were thy thoughts, each action so  
 Discreetely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow  
 Was ere perceiv'd in thee: each word mature  
 And every sceane of life from sinne so pure  
 That scarce in its whole history, we can  
 Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.  
 Horror to say thou wert! Curst that we must  
 Adresse our language to a little dust,  
 And seeke for *Talbot* there. Injurious fate,  
 To lay my lifes ambition desolate.  
 Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know,  
 Not how it can give such another blow.

*Elegie, 5.*



Hast as the Nuns first vow, as fairely bright  
 As when by death her Soule shines in full light  
 Freed from th' Eclipse of earth, each word that  
 From thee (deare *Talbot*) did beget a flame [came

*Elegie, 6.*

Oe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight  
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night  
From its approach on day, and force day rise  
From the faire East of some bright beauties eyes:

Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.  
It hath no powre. For mine from his blacke herse  
Redeemes not *Talbot*, who cold as the breath  
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,  
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare  
To breath into his soft expiring prayer.  
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun  
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne  
And clos'd the worlds great eye: or were not all  
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall  
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be  
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.  
But all we Poets glory in, is vaine  
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine  
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye  
By a fooles finger destinate to dye.  
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set  
At liberty by death thou owest no debt  
T' exacting Nature: Live, freed from the sport  
Of time and fortune in yand' starry court  
A glorious Potentate, while we below  
But fashon wayes to mitigate our woe.  
We follow campes, and to our hopes propose  
Th' insulting victor; not remembring those  
Dismembred trunks who gave him victory  
By a loath'd fate: We covetous Merchants be  
And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,  
Forgetfull of the treasons of the Sea.  
The shootings of a wounded conscience  
We patiently sustaine to serve our sence  
With a short pleasure; So we empire gaine  
And rule the fate of businesse, the sad paine


Of action we contemne, and the affright  
 Which with pale visions still attends our night.  
 Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares  
 Are certaine prophecies. And till our eares  
 Reach that cælestiall musique, which thine now  
 So cheerefully receive, we must allow  
 No comfort to our griefes: from which to be  
 Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

*Elegie, 7.*

**H**ere is no peace in sinne. Æternall war  
 Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are  
 Friends 'mong themselves, and choifest accents  
 Harsh Eccho's of their heavenly harmonie. [be  
 While thou didst live we did that union finde  
 In the so faire republick of thy mind,  
 Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare  
 Affirme those goodly structures, temples are  
 Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare:  
 The musique of thy soule made us say, there  
 God had his Altars; every breath a spice  
 And each religious act a sacrifice.  
 But death hath that demolisht. All our eye  
 Of thee now sees doth like a Cittie lye  
 Raz'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame  
 That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?  
 Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire  
 The losses of some maim'd Seraphick quire?  
 Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold  
 From generall ruine, and expell that cold  
 Dull humor weakens it? If so it be;  
 My sorrow yet must prayse fates charity.  
 But thy example (if kinde heaven had daign'd  
 Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd  
 To his first purity. For that the wit  
 Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' Ancherit  
 As too to strickt; thou didst uncloyster'd live:  
 Teaching the soule by what preservative,

She may from finnes contagion live secure,  
 Though all the ayre she fackt in, were impure.  
 In this darke mist of error with a cleare  
 Vnspotted light, thy vertue did appeare  
 T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage  
 Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age ;  
 Had it seene thy chast youth? Who could the wealth  
 Of time have spent in ryot, or his health  
 By surfeits forfeited ; if he had seene  
 What temperance had in thy dyet beene?  
 What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought  
 By gold or practise, or by rapin brought  
 From his fore-fathers, had he understood  
 How *Talbot* valued not his owne great blood !  
 Had Politicians seene him scorning more  
 The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore  
 Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly wind  
 (A gentler storme than pride) unchecked doth find  
 Still free admittance : their pale labors had  
 Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.  
 But he is lost in a blind vault, and we  
 Must not admire though finnes now frequent be  
 And uncontrol'd : Since those faire tables where  
 The Law was writ by death now broken are,  
 By death extinguisht is that Star, whose light  
 Did shine so faithfull : that each ship sayl'd right  
 Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,  
 (That failing) lost in this worlds tempest be.  
 But to what Orbe so ere thou dost retyre,  
 Far from our ken : tis blest, while by thy fire  
 Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here  
 Be seene againe : may I ore-take thee there.

*Elegie, 8.*


 Oast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all  
 The cunning Pompe of the Escoriall. [room  
 Though there both th' Indies met in each smal  
 Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.

Here is th' Epitome of wealth, this chest  
 Is Natures chiefe Exchequer, hence the East  
 When it is purified by th' generall fire  
 Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle higher  
 Then all the gems she vants : transcending far  
 In fragrant lustre the bright morning star.  
 'Tis true, they now seeme darke. But rather we  
 Have by a cataract lost sight, then he  
 Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night  
 Brings darkenesse, when the Sun retaines his light.  
 Thou eclips'd dust ! Expecting breake of day  
 From the thicke mists about thy Tombe, I'le pay  
 Like the just Larke, the tribute of my verse  
 I will invite thee, from thy envious herse  
 To rise, and 'bout the World thy beames to spread,  
 That we may see, there's brightnesse in the dead.  
 My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come  
 From th' happy vault ? In her sweete martyrdome  
 The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose  
 When the enamor'd Spring by kissing blowes  
 Soft blushes on her cheeke, nor th' early East  
 Vying with Paradice, ith' Phoenix nest.  
 These gentle perfumes usher in the day  
 Which from the night of his discolour'd clay  
 Breakes on the sudden : for a Soule so bright  
 Of force must to her earth contribute light.  
 But if w' are so far blind, we cannot see  
 The wonder of this truth ; yet let us be  
 Not infidels : nor like dull Atheists give  
 Our selves so long to lust, till we believe  
 (T' allay the grieve of sinne) that we shall fall  
 To a loath'd nothing in our Funerall.  
 The bad mans death is horror. But the just  
 Keepe something of his glory in his dust.

*FINIS.*

CASTARA:  
THE  
THIRD PART.

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L O N D O N

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## A Holy Man



*Lonely Happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes; Or rather like some prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects Religion; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the Magistrate: And should conscience informe him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it neverthelesse high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporall respects. Hee knowes humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his owne knowledge attaines it: Confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: But in adversity hee remaines unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happineffe is not meteor-like exhaled from the vapors of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appeares to fall,*



onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: Nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a figh or wrinkle: for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the prosperitie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of counsel with the Æternall? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the Sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any mans error in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his equalls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: Esleeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on others vices, he values not himselfe vertuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension: In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigor: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is Angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour Organs. Lust is the Basiliske he flies, a Serpent of the most destroying venome: for it

*blasts al plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering Artillery in the eye: He is ever merry but still modest. Not dissolved into undecent laughter, or trickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example: In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to heaven, and never findes himself wearied with the journey: but when the necessities of nature returne him downe to earth, he esteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his Mistresse on which he is passionately enamord: for that he hath found the most Sovereigne antidote aga[i]nst sinne, and the onley balsome powerfull to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailty. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frightened with: since it not annihilates, but uncloudes the soule. He therefore stands every movement prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himself, when age or sicknesse sommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crownes him a martyr.*

*Domine labia mea aperies* DAVID.

Oe monument of me remaine,  
     My mem'orie rust  
 In the same marble with my dust :  
 Ere I the spreadingst Laurell gaine,  
 By writing wanton or profane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,  
     Shine still bright starres,  
 Th' Almightyes mystlick Characters !  
 Ile not your beautilous lights surprise  
 T' illuminate a womans eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins, will I  
     In each one fet  
 The purple of the violet.  
 The untoucht flowre may grow and dye  
 Safe from my fancies injurie.

Open my lippes, great God ! and then  
     Ile soare above  
 The humble flight of carnall love.  
 Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,  
 And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded foules  
     Worthy to be  
 Their object finde, excepting thee ?  
 Where can I fixe ? since time controules  
 Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiate  
     T' a Princes smile ;  
 How soone may death my hopes beguile ?  
 And should I farme the proudest state,  
 I'me Tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold ; will it not rust ?  
     And if my love  
 Toward a female beauty move ;

How will that furett of our lust  
 Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?  
 But thou Æternall banquet! where  
     For ever we  
 May feede without fatietie!  
 Who harmonie art to the eare,  
 Who art, while all things else appeare!  
 While up to thee I shoote my flame  
     Thou dost dispence  
 A holy death, that murders fence,  
 And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme  
 All other triumphs than thy name.  
 It crownes me with a victory  
     So heavenly, all  
 That's earth from me away doth fall.  
 And I, from my corruption free,  
 Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

*Verfa est in luctum cythara mea.* I O B.



Love! I no orgies sing  
 Whereby thy mercies to invoke:  
 Nor from the East rich perfumes bring  
 To cloude the Altars with thy precious smoake.

Nor while I did frequent  
 Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee:  
 Did I loofe heathenish rites invent,  
 To force a blush from injur'd Chastitie.

Religious was the charme  
 I used affection to intice:  
 And thought none burnt more bright or warme,  
 Yet chaste as winter was the Sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath  
 To the soft filken youths at Court:  
 Who may their witty passions breath,  
 To raise their Mistresse smile, or make her sport.

They'le smoothe thee into rime,  
 Such as shall catch the wanton eare :  
 And win opinion with the time,  
 To make them a high fayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile  
 Cherish their flatteries of wit !  
 While I my life of fame beguile  
 And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seene the Pine  
 Famed for its travels ore the Sea :  
 Broken with stormes and age decline,  
 And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene Cædars fall,  
 And in their roome a Mushrome grow :  
 I have seene Comets, threatning all,  
 Vanish themselves : I have seene Princes so.

Vaine triviall dust ! weake man !  
 Where is that vertue of thy breath,  
 That others save or ruine can,  
 When thou thy selfe art cal'd t'account by death ?

When I consider thee  
 The scorne of Time, and sport of fate :  
 How can I turne to jollitie  
 My ill-strung Harpe, and court the delicate ?

How can I but disdaine  
 The emptie fallacies of mirth ;  
 And in my midnight thoughts retaine,  
 How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth ?

Fond youth ! too long I playd  
 The wanton with a false delight.  
 Which when I toucht, I found a shade  
 That onely wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray  
 The soule to flatter'd ignorance :  
 I from the World will steale away  
 And by humility my thoughts advance.

*Perdam Sapientiam Sapientum*

To the Right Honorable the Lord *Windfor*.

*My Lord,*



Orgive my envie to the World ; while I  
Commend those sober thoughts, perswade you fly  
The glorious troubles of the Court. Forthough  
The vale lyes open to each overflow,  
And in the humble shade we gather ill  
And aguish ayres : yet lightnings oftner kill  
Oth' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we  
May have more prospect, not securitie.  
For when with losse of breath, we have orecome  
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome  
On the so envi'd hill ; how doe our hearts  
Pant with the labour, and how many arts  
More subtile must we practise, to defend  
Our pride from sliding, then we did t' ascend ?  
How doth successe delude the mysteries  
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise ?  
How doth that Power, our Politickes call chance,  
Racke them till they confesse the ignorance  
Of humane wit ? Which, when 'tis fortified  
So strong with reason that it doth deride  
All adverse force oth' sudden findes its head  
Intangled in a spiders slender thread.  
Cœlestiall Providence ! How thou dost mocke  
The boast of earthly wisdom ? On some rocke  
When man hath a structure, with such art,  
It doth disdain to tremble at the dart  
Of thunder, or to shrink oppos'd by all  
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,  
Ev'n in a calme so gentle that no ayre  
Breaths loude enough to stirre a Virgins haire !  
But misery of judgement : Though past time  
Instruēt us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,  
And shew us how we may secure our state  
From pittied ruine, by anothers fate ;  
Yet we contemning all such sad advice,

Pursue to build though on a precipice.

But you (my Lord) prevented by foresight  
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,  
And in your selfe both great and rich enough  
Refused t'expose your vessell to the rough  
Vncertaine sea of businesse: whence even they  
Who make the best returne, are forc't to say:  
The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine,  
Weighes light if ballanc'd with the feare or paine.

*Paucitatem dierum meorum nuncia mihi.* DAVID.



Tell me O great All knowing God !  
What period  
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?  
Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I  
Wither away: or violently  
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the Wind?  
Heere, where I first drew vitall breath  
Shall I meete death?  
And finde in the same vault a roome  
Where my fore-fathers ashes sleepe?  
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe  
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?  
Shall I 'gainst the swift *Parthians* fight  
And in their flight  
Receive my death? Or shall I see  
That envied peace, in which we are  
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre;  
And perish by th' invadingemie?  
Astrologers, who calculate  
Vncertaine fate  
Affirme my scheme doth not presage  
Any abridgement of my dayes:  
And the Phisitian gravely sayes,  
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.  
But they are jugglers, and by flight  
Of art the fight  
Of faith delude: and in their schoole

They onely practife how to make  
 A miftery of each miftake,  
 And teach ftange words, credulity to foole.  
 For thou who firft didft motion give,  
     Whereby things live  
 And Time hath being! to conceale  
 Future events didft thinke it fit  
 To checke th' ambition of our wit,  
 And keepe in awe the curious fearch of zeale.  
 Therefore fo I prepar'd ftill be,  
     My God for thee :  
 Oth' fudden on my fpirits may  
 Some killing Apoplexie feize,  
 Or let me by a dull difeafe  
 Or weakened by a feeble age decay.  
 And fo I in thy favour dye,  
     No memorie  
 For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,  
 For if my foule be 'mong the bleft  
 Though my poore afhes want a cheft,  
 I fhall forgive the trespaffe of my heire.

*Non nobis Domine.* D A V I D.



O marble ftatue, nor high  
 Afpiring Piramida be rays'd  
 To lofe its head within the skie!  
 What claime have I to memory?  
     God be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canft defeate  
 The mighty conquelts of the proude,  
 And blaft the laurels of the great.  
 Thou canft make brighteft glorie fet  
     Oth' fudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of Art  
 Hold out 'gainft the affault of ftormes?  
 Or how can braffe to him impart  
 Sence of furviving fame, whose heart  
     Is now resolv'd to wormes?



Blinde folly of triumphing pride !  
 Æternitie why buildst thou here ?  
 Dost thou not see the highest tide  
 Its humbled streame in th' Ocean hide,  
     And nere the same appeare ?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,  
 As sent abroad by the angry fea  
 To leuell vastest buildings low,  
 And all our Trophies overthrow ;  
     Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou who to preserve thy name  
 Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land !  
 How will posterity scorne fame,  
 When th' Idoll shall receive a maim,  
     And loofe a foote or hand ?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he  
 Who onely for his hire did raise  
 Thy counterfet in stone ; with thee  
 Shall stand Competitor : and be  
     Perhapes thought worthier praise ?

No Laurell wreath about my brow !  
 To thee, my God, all praise, whose law  
 The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow !  
 For both dissolve to ayre, if thou  
     Thy influence but withdraw.

*Solum mihi superest sepulchrum.* I O B.



Elcome thou safe retreat !  
 Where th' injured man may fortifie  
 Gainst the invasions of the great :  
 Where the leane slave, who th' Oare doth plye,  
     Soft as his Admirall may lye.

Great Statist ! tis your doome  
 Though your designs swell high, and wide  
 To be contracted in a tombe !  
 And all your happie cares provide  
 But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight  
 Ith' pompe of your proud obsequies.  
 And should the present flatterie write  
 A glorious Epitaph, the wise  
 Will say, The Poets wit here lyes.

How reconcil'd to fate  
 Will grow the aged Villager,  
 When he shall see your funerall state?  
 Since death will him as warme inter  
 As you in your gay sepulcher.

The great decree of God  
 Makes every path of mortals lead  
 To this darke common period.  
 For what by wayes so ere we tread,  
 We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale  
 Makes fancie a sad truth indite,  
 Insensible a way doe steale :  
 And when I'me lost in deaths cold night,  
 Who will remember, now I write ?

*Et fugit velut umbra.* I O B.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Kintyre*.

*My Lord*



Hat shadow your faire body made  
 So full of sport it still the mimick playde  
 Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yesterday  
 So huge in stature ; Night hath stolen away.  
 And this is th' emblem of our life : To please  
 And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas  
 Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides ; we dare  
 All the sicke humors of a forraine ayre.  
 And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie  
 To unlocke hell, should gold there hoarded lie.  
 But when we have built up a ædifice  
 T' outwastle Time, we have but built on ice :  
 For firme however all our structures be,  
 Polisht with smoothest Indian Ivory,

Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire  
 Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.  
 Tracke through the ayre the footesteps of the wind,  
 And search the print of ships sayl'd by ; then finde  
 Where all the glories of those Monarchs be  
 Who bore such sway in the worlds infancie.  
 Time hath devour'd them all : and scarce can fame  
 Give an account, that ere they had a name.  
 How can he then who doth the world controle  
 And strikes a terror now in either Pole,  
 Th' insulting Turke secure himself that he  
 Shall not be lost to dull Posterity ?  
 And though the Superstition of those Times  
 Which deified Kings to warrant their owne crimes  
 Translated Cæsar to a starre ; yet they,  
 Who every Region of the skie Survey ;  
 In their Cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast  
 Could nere discover which containes his ghost.  
 And after death to make that awe survive  
 Which subjects owe their Princes yet alive,  
 Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet  
 And keepe them living in a counterfet ;  
 The curious looker on soone passes by  
 And findes the tombe a sicknesse to his eye.  
 Neither when once the foule is gone doth all  
 The solemne triumph of the funerall  
 Adde to her glory or her paine release :  
 Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace  
 For which we toild, from us abstracted be  
 And onely serve to swell the history.

These are sad thoughts (my Lord) and such as fright  
 The easie soule made tender with delight,  
 Who thinks that he hath forgotten that houre  
 Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.  
 But by the friendship which your Lordship daignes  
 Your Servant, I have found your judgement raignes  
 Above all passion in you : and that tence  
 Could never yet demolish that strong fence  
 Which Vertue guards you with : By which you are  
 Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

*Nox nocti indicat Scientiam.* D A V I D.

When I furvey the bright  
 Cœlestiall spheare :  
 So rich with jewels hung, that night  
 Doth like an Æthiop bride appeare.

My soule her wings doth spread  
 And heaven-ward flies,  
 Th' Almighty's Mysteries to read  
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
 Shootes forth no flame  
 So silent, but is eloquent  
 In speaking the Creators name.

No unregarded star  
 Contracts its light  
 Into so small a Character,  
 Remov'd far from our humane sight :

But if we stedfast looke,  
 We shall discern  
 In it as in some holy booke,  
 How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror,  
 That farre-stretcht powre  
 Which his proud dangers traffique for,  
 Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North ;  
 Some Nation may  
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,  
 And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in  
 With hils of ice  
 May be let out to scourge his sinne  
 'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
 Their ruine have,  
 For as your selves your Empires fall,  
 And every Kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those Cœlestiall fires,  
 Though seeming mute  
 The fallacie of our desires  
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first  
 The World had birth :  
 And found sinne in it selfe accurst,  
 And nothing permanent on earth.

*Et alta a longè cognoscit.* D A V I D.



O the cold humble hermitage  
 (Not tenanted but by discoloured age,  
 Or youth enfeebled by long prayer  
 And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth repaire.

But from the lofty gilded rooffe  
 Stain'd with some Pagan fiction, keepes a loofe.

Nor the gay Landlord daignes to know  
 Whose buildings are like Monsters but for show.

Ambition ! whither wilt thee climbe,  
 Knowing thy art, the mockery of time ?

Which by examples tells the high  
 Rich structures, they must as their owners dye :

And while they stand, their tennants are  
 Detraction, flattery, wantonneffe, and care,

Pride, envie, arrogance, and doubt,  
 Surfet, and ease still tortured by the gout.

O rather may I patient dwell  
 In th' injuries of an ill-cover'd cell !

'Gainst whose too weake defence the haile,  
 The angry winds, and frequent showres prevaile.

Where the swift measures of the day,  
 Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray :

And some starres solitary light  
 Be the sole taper to the tedious night.

The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurst  
 Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst :

And the wilde fruites of Nature give  
 Dyet enough, to let me feele I feele, I live.

You wantons ! who impoverish Seas,

And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please !  
 A greedy tyrant you obey  
 Who varies still its tribute with the day.  
 What interest doth all the vaine  
 Cunning of surfet to your fences gaine ?  
 Since it obscure the Spirit must  
 And bow the flesh to sleep disease or lust.  
 While who forgetting rest and fare ;  
 Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,  
 Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,  
 And thence how much more bright the heav'ns above  
 Where on the heads of Cherubins  
 Th' Almightye sits disdaining our bold sinnes :  
 Who while on th' earth we groveling lye  
 Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

*Universum fl[r]atum ejus versasti in infirmitate  
 ejus. D A V I D.*



Y Soule ! When thou and I  
 Shall on our frighted death-bed lye ;  
 Each moment watching when pale death  
 Shall snatch away our latest breath,  
 And 'twene two long joyn'd Lovers force  
 An endlesse sad divorce :

How wilt thou then ? that art  
 My rationall and nobler part,  
 Distort thy thoughts ? How wilt thou try  
 To draw from weake Philosophie  
 Some strength : and flatter thy poor state,  
 'Cause tis the common fate ?

How wilt thy spirits pant  
 And tremble when they feele the want  
 Of th' usuall organs ; and that all  
 The vitall powers begin to fall ?  
 When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,  
 Yet whither ; who can know ?

How fond and idle then  
 Will seeme the misteries of men ?

How like some dull ill-acted part  
 The subtlest of proud humane art?  
 How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,  
 When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is  
 My fainting earth) looke pale at this?  
 Disjointed on the racke of paine.  
 How shall I murmur, how complaine;  
 And craving all the ayde of skill,  
 Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my grieve  
 Doth throw my sight to court releefe,  
 I shall but meete despaire; for all  
 Will prophesie my funerall:  
 The very silence of the roome  
 Will represent a tombe.

And while my Childrens teares,  
 My Wives vaine hopes, but certaine feares,  
 And counsell of Divines advance  
 Death in each dolefull circumstance:  
 I shall even a sad mourner be  
 At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I  
 Must know that others sorrowes dye  
 Soone as our selves, and none survive  
 To keepe our memories alive.  
 Even our fals tombes, as loath to say  
 We once had life, decay.

*Laudate Dominum de cœlis.* D A V I D.



Ou Spirits! who have throwne away  
 That envious weight of clay  
 Which your cœlestiall flight denyed:  
 Who by your glorious troopes supply  
 The winged Hierarchie,  
 So broken in the Angells pride!

O you ! whom your Creators fight  
 Inebriates with delight !  
 Sing forth the triumphs of his name  
 All you enamord foules ! agree  
 In a loud fymphonie :  
 To give expreffions to your flame !

To him, his owne great workes relate,  
 Who daign'd to elevate  
 You 'bove the frailtie of your birth :  
 Where you ftand fafe from that rude warre,  
 With which we troubled are  
 By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath  
 Here in this World we breath  
 Each houre fome paffion us affailes :  
 Now luft cafts wild-fire in the blood,  
 Or that it may feeme good,  
 It felfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,  
 And lays a fieve fo ftreight,  
 No heavenly fuccor enters in :  
 But if Revenge admittance finde,  
 For ever hath the mind  
 Made forfeit of it felfe to finne.

Affaaulted thus, how dare we raife  
 Our mindes to thinke his praife,  
 Who is Æternall and immens ?  
 How dare we force our feeble wit  
 To fpeake him infinite,  
 So farre above the fearch of fence ?

O you ! who are immaculate  
 His name may celebrate  
 In your foules bright expansion.  
 You whom your vertues did unite  
 To his perpetuall light,  
 That even with him you now fhine one.



While we who t' earth contract our hearts,  
 And onely studie Arts  
 To shorten the sad length of Time :  
 In place of joyes bring humble feares :  
 For hymnes, repentant teares  
 And a new sigh for every crime.

*Qui quasi flos egreditur.*

To the Right Honourable, the Lady *Cat. T.*



Aire Madame ! You  
 May see what's man in yond' bright rose.  
 Though it the wealth of Nature owes,  
 It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which shewes, though fate  
 May promise still to warme our lippes,  
 And keepe our eyes from an ecclips ;  
 It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor filly flowre !  
 Though in thy beauty thou presume,  
 And breath which doth the spring perfume ;  
 Thou mayst be cropt this very houre.

And though it may  
 Then thy good fortune be, to rest  
 Oth' pillow of some Ladies brest ;  
 Thou'lt whither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome  
 However, that there shall appeare  
 No memory that thou grew'st heere,  
 Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath  
 By meditation to fore see  
 How loath'd a nothing it must be :  
 Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can  
Behold this mighty world decay  
And weare by th' age of time away :  
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But Madam these  
Are thoughts to cure sicke humane pride.  
And med'cines are in vaine applyed.  
To bodies far 'bove all diseafe.

For you so live  
As th' Angels in one perfect state ;  
Safe from the ruines of our fate,  
By vertues great preservative.

And though we see  
Beautie enough to warme each heart ;  
Yet you by a chaste Chemicke Art,  
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

*Quid gloriaris in malicia ?* DAVID.



Well no more proud man, so high !  
For enthron'd where ere you sit  
Rais'd by fortune, sinne and wit :  
In a vault thou dust must lye.  
He who's lifted up by vice  
Hath a neighb'ring precipice  
Dazeling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea  
Over which you spread your faile :  
And the Barke you trust to, fraile  
As the Winds it must obey.  
Mischiefe, while it prospers, brings  
Favour from the smile of Kings ;  
Vfelesse soone is throwne away.

Profit, though sinne it extort,  
Princes even accounted good,  
Courting greatnesse nere withstood,

Since it Empire doth support.  
 But when death makes them repent  
 They condemne the instrument,  
 And are thought Religious for 't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,  
 How distracted will you lye ;  
 When your flattering Clients flye  
 As your fate infectious were ?  
 When of all th' obsequious throng  
 That mov'd by your eye and tongue,  
 None shall in the storme appeare ?

When that abject infolence  
 (Which submits to the more great,  
 And disdaines the weaker state,  
 As misfortune were offence)  
 Shall at Court be judged a crime  
 Though in practise, and the Time  
 Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud ;  
 Whose large branches vainely sprout  
 'Bove the measure of the roote.  
 But let stormes speake nere so loud,  
 And th' astonisht day benight ;  
 Yet the just shines in a light  
 Faire as noone without a cloud.

*Deus Deus Meus.* DAVID.



Here is that foole Philosophie,  
 That bedlam Reason, and that beast dull fence ;  
 Great God ! when I consider thee  
 Omnipotent, Æternall, and imens ?  
 Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride  
 Of th' Angels, when they to defection fell ?  
 And without passion didst provide  
 To punish treason, rackes and death in hell.  
 Thy Word created this great All,

Ith' lower part whereof we wage such warres :  
     The upper bright and sphæricall  
 By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.  
     And though fixe dayes it thee did please  
 To build this frame, the seventh for rest assigne ;  
     Yet was it not thy paine or ease,  
 But to teach man the quantities of Time.  
     This world so mighty and so faire,  
 So 'bove the reach of all dimension :  
     If to thee God we should compare,  
 Is not the slenderst atome to the Sun.  
     What then am I poore nothing man !  
 That elevate my voyce and speake of thee ?  
     Since no imagination can  
 Distinguish part of thy immensitie ?  
     What am I who dare call thee God !  
 And raise my fancie to discourse thy power ?  
     To whom dust is the period,  
 Who am not sure to farme this very houre ?  
     For how know I the latest sand  
 In my fraile glasse of life, doth not now fall ?  
     And while I thus astonisht stand  
 I but prepare for my own funerall ?  
     Death doth with man no order keepe :  
 It reckons not by the expence of yeares.  
     But makes the Queene and beggar weepe,  
 And nere distinguishes betweene their teares.  
     He who the victory doth gaine  
 Falls as he him pursues, who from him flies,  
     And is by too good fortune slaine.  
 The Lover in his amorous courtship dyes.  
     The states-man suddenly expires  
 While he for others ruine doth prepare :  
     And the gay Lady while sh' admires  
 Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.  
     No state of man is fortified  
 'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome :  
     But who th' Almightye feare, deride  
 Pale death, and meete with triumph in the tombe.

*Quonian ego in flagella paratus sum.*     D A V I D.

**P**lax me on some bleake precipice,  
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand :  
Made now a statute of ice,  
Then by the summer scorcht and tan'd !

Place me alone in some fraile boate  
'Mid th' horrors of an angry Sea :  
Where I while time shall move, may floate  
Despairing either land or day !

Or under earth my youth confine  
To th' night and silence of a cell :  
Where Scorpions may my limbes entwine.  
O God ! So thou forgive me hell.

Æternitie ! when I think thee,  
(Which never any end must have,  
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-see  
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave.

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,  
My blood ebbes fearefully away :  
Both guilty that they did to lust.  
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautilous fight  
Drew Spider-like blacke venome in :  
Clos'd like the marigold at night  
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore  
Which did proud fallacies admit :  
And vow to heare no follies more ;  
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire  
Imagin'd such an excellence,  
As th' Ermines skin ungentle were)  
Contract themselves, and loose all fence.

But you bold finners ! still pursue  
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave  
Th' Almighty Iustice: hee'le subdue  
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appeares,  
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.  
And hope to soften him with teares,  
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which  
So fiercely now you doate upon :  
Then curse those pleasures did bewitch  
You to this sad illusion.

The neighb'ring mountaines which you shall  
Wooe to oppresse you with their weight :  
Disdainfull will deny to fall,  
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea  
To swallow you, you will desire :  
In vaine upon the wheels you'le pray  
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,  
In a mad fury then you'le Court :  
Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,  
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No forrow then shall enter in  
With pittie the great judges eares.  
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin  
Man cannot expiate with teares.

*Militia est vita hominis.*

To Sir Hen. Per.

Sir



Ere it your appetite of glory, (which  
In noblest times, did bravest foules bewitch  
To fall in love with danger,) that now drawes  
You to the fate of warre ; it claimes applause :

And every worthy hand would plucke a bough  
 From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.  
 Since you unforc'd part from your Ladies bed  
 Warme with the purest love, to lay your head  
 Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele  
 The nights cold dampes wrapt in a sheete of Steele.  
 You leave your well grown woods ; and meadows which  
 Our *Severne* doth with fruitfull streames enrich.  
 Your woods where we see such large heards of Deere  
 Your meades whereon such goodly flockes appeare.  
 You leave your Castle, safe both for defence  
 And sweetely wanton with magnificence  
 With all the cost and cunning beautified  
 That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.  
 These charmes might have bin pow'rful to have staid  
 Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid  
 You to a glorious ease : since to the warre  
 Men by desire of prey invited are,  
 Whom either sinne or want makes desperate,  
 Or else disdaine of their owne narrow fate.  
 But you, nor hope of fame or a release  
 Of the most sober goverment in peace,  
 Did to the hazard of the armie bring  
 Onely a pure devotion to the King  
 In whose just cause whoever fights, must be  
 Triumphant : since even death is victory.  
 And what is life, that we to wither it  
 To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit  
 To finde out Natures secrets ; what doth length  
 Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength ?  
 When a brave quarrell doth to arms provoke  
 Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke  
 This emptie shadow, life ? this which the wise  
 As the fooles Idoll, soberly despise ?  
 Why should we not throw willingly away  
 A game we cannot save, now that we may  
 Gaine honour by the gift ? since haply when  
 We onely shall be statue of men  
 And our owne monuments, Peace will deny

Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.  
 But these are thoughts ! And action tis doth give  
 A soule to courage, and make vertue live :  
 Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue  
 Of bold Philosophie, but in the strong  
 Vndaunted spirit, which encounters those  
 Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose.  
 Yet tis the true and highest fortitude  
 To keepe our inward enemies subdued :  
 Not to permit our passions over sway  
 Our actions, not our wanton flesh betray  
 The soules chaste Empire : for however we  
 To th' outward shew may gaine a victory  
 And proudly triumph : if to conquour sinne  
 We combate not, we are at warre within.

*Vias tuas Domine demonstra mihi.*



Here have I wandred ? In what way  
 Horrid as night  
 Increast by stormes did I delight ?  
 Though my sad soule did often say  
 Twas death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread  
 Which seemed most faire,  
 Though every path had a new snare,  
 And every turning still did lead,  
 To the darke Region of the dead.  
 But with the furett of delight  
 I am so tyred  
 That now I loath what I admired,  
 And my distasted appetite  
 So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.  
 For should we naked sinne discry  
 Not beautified  
 By th' ayde of wantonneffe and pride  
 Like some mishapen birth, 'twould lye  
 A torment to th' affrighted eye.



But cloath'd in beauty and respect  
 Even ore the wife,  
 How powerfull doth it tyrannize !  
 Whose monstrous storme should they detract  
 They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadowes which oppresse  
 My sight begin  
 To cleere, and show the shape of sinne,  
 A Scorpion sooner be my guest,  
 And warme his enome in my brest.

May I before I growe so vile  
 By sinne agen,  
 Be throwne off as a scorne to men !  
 May th' angry world decree, t' exile  
 Me to some yet unpeopled Isle.

Where while I straggle, and in vaine  
 Labor to finde  
 Some creature that shall have a minde,  
 What justice have I to complaine  
 If I thy inward grace retaine ?

My God if thou shalt not exclude  
 Thy comfort thence :  
 What place can seeme to troubled fence  
 So melancholly darke and rude,  
 To be esteem'd a solitude.

Cast me upon some naked shore  
 Where I may tracke  
 Onely the print of some mad wracke ;  
 If thou be there, though the seas rore,  
 I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the *Cymmerians*, whom no ray  
 Doth ere enlight  
 But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night :  
 Not finners at high noone, but they  
 'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

*Et Exultavit Humiles.*



Ow cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne  
Gilds with his beames  
The narrow streames  
Oth' Brooke which silently doth runne  
Without a name?  
And yet disdaines to lend his flame  
To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye  
And lightning feare,  
Though they appeare  
To bid defiance to the skie;  
Which in one houre  
W' have seene the opening earth devour  
When in their height they proudest were.  
But th' humble man heaves up his head  
Like some rich vale  
Whose fruites nere faile  
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.  
Nor doth complaine  
Oreflowed by an ill feason'd raine  
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall Barke with treasure fraught  
He the seas cleere  
Doth quiet steere:  
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;  
More gallantly  
He spreads his faile, and doth more high  
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force  
The glorious tide  
Of humane pride  
To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course  
(Which rudely bore

Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)  
His feeblest enimie may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe he brings  
The Cottager  
And doth preferre  
Him to th' adored state of Kings :  
He bids that hand  
Which labour hath made rough and tand  
The all commanding Scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast  
Their boundlesse sway :  
Since in their Sea  
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.  
Let them themselves  
Beware, for they are their owne shelves.  
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

*Dominus Dominantium.*



Vpreame Divinitie ! Who yet  
Coude ever finde  
By the bold scrutinie of wit,  
The treasure where thou lock'ft up the wind ?

What Majesty of Princes can  
A tempest awe ;  
When the distracted Ocean  
Swells to Sedition, and obeyes no Law ?

How wretched doth the Tyrant stand  
Without a boast ?  
When his rich fleete even touching land  
He by some storme in his owne Port sees lost ?

Vaine pompe of life ! what narrow bound  
Ambition  
Is circled with ? How false a ground  
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on.

And Nature how dost thou delude  
     Our search to know?  
 When the same windes which here intrude  
 On us with frosts and onely winter blow:  
 Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth;  
     And gently bring  
 To the glad field a fruitfull birth  
 With all the treasures of a wanton Spring.  
 How diversly death doth assaile;  
     How sporting kill?  
 While one is scorcht up in the vale  
 The other is congeald oth' neighboring hill.  
 While he with heates doth dying glow  
     Above he fees  
 The other hedg'd in with his snow  
 And envies him his ice although he freeze.  
 Proud folly of pretending Art,  
     Be ever dumbe,  
 And humble thy aspiring heart,  
 When thou findest glorious Reason overcome.  
 And you Astrologers, whose eye  
     Survayes the starres!  
 And offer thence to prophesie  
 Successe in peace, and the event of warres.  
 Throw downe your eyes upon that dust  
     You proudly tread!  
 And know to that resolve you must!  
 That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

*Cogitabo pro peccato meo.*



N what darke silent grove  
 Profan'd by no unholy love.  
 Where witty melancholy nere  
 Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,  
 Shall I religious leasure winne  
     To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent  
 My youthes unvalued treasure, lent  
 To traffique for Cœlestiall joyes?  
 My unripe yeares purfuing toyes;  
 Iudging things best that were most gay  
     Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired  
 Our Poets as from heaven inspired  
 VVhat Obeliskes decreed I fit  
 For *Spencers* Art, and *Sydnyes* wit?  
 But waxing sober soone I found  
     Fame but an Idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd  
 And each bright face an Idoll made:  
 Verse in an humble Sacrifice,  
 I offer'd to my Mistresse eyes,  
 But I no sooner grace did win  
     But met the devill within.

But growne more politticke  
 I tooke account of each state tricke:  
 Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,  
 VVho had a conscience fit to rise.  
 VVhome soone I found but forme and rule  
     And the more serious foole.

But now my foule prepare  
 To ponder what and where we are  
 How fraile is life, how vaine a breath  
 Opinion, how uncertaine death:  
 How onely a poore stone shall beare  
     VVitnesse that once we were.

How a shrill Trumpet shall  
 Vs to the barre as traytors call.  
 Then shall we see too late that pride  
 Hath hope with flattery bely'd  
 And that the mighty in command  
     Pale Cowards there must stand.

*Recogitabo tibi omnes annos meos.* I S A Y.



Time ! where didst thou those years inter  
 VVhich I have seene decease ?  
 My soules at war and truth bids her  
 Finde out their hidden Sepulcher,  
 To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the Spring  
 Like a late bride appeare?  
 VVhose fether'd Musicke onely bring  
 Careffes, and no Requiem sing  
 On the departed yeare ?

The Earth, like some rich wanton heire,  
 VVhose Parents coffin'd lye,  
 Forgets it once lookt pale and bare  
 And doth for vanities prepare,  
 As the Spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all  
 Reflects not on the last ;  
 But I, like a sad factor shall  
 T' account my life each moment call,  
 And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way  
 Since Reason did begin  
 Over my actions her first sway :  
 And teacheth me that each new day  
 Did onely vary sin.

Poor banckrout Conscience ! where are those  
 Rich houres but farm'd to thee ?  
 How carelessly I some did lose,  
 And other to my lust dispose  
 As no rent day should be ?

I have infected with impure  
 Disorders my past yeares.  
 But Ile to penitence inure  
 Those that succeed. There is no cure  
 Nor Antidote but teares.

*Cupio dissolvi.* P A V L E.

He soule which doth with God unite,  
 Those gayities how doth she slight  
 VVhich ore opinion sway?  
 Like sacred Virgin wax, which shines  
 On Altars or on Martyrs shrines  
 How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she  
 From envious earth delivered be,  
 Which doth her flight restraine?  
 How doth she doate on whips and rackes,  
 On fires and the so dreaded Axe,  
 And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,  
 The flatteries of youth and health  
 And fames more precious breath.  
 And every gaudy circumstance  
 That doth the pompe of life advance  
 At the approach of death?

The cunning of Astrologers  
 Obserues each motion of the starres  
 Placing all knowledge there:  
 And Lovers in their Mistresse eyes  
 Contract those wonders of the skies,  
 And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandering Pilot sweates to find  
 The causes that produce the wind  
 Still gazing on the Pole.  
 The Politician scornes all Art  
 But what doth pride and power impart.  
 And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,  
 And 'gainst these powerful follies arme,  
 Doth soberly disdain  
 All these fond humane misteries  
 As the deceitfull and unwise  
 Distempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,  
 Yet vainely throwes it not away  
 On every idle cause :  
 But with the same untroubled eye  
 Can resolve to live or dye,  
 Regardlesse of th' applause.

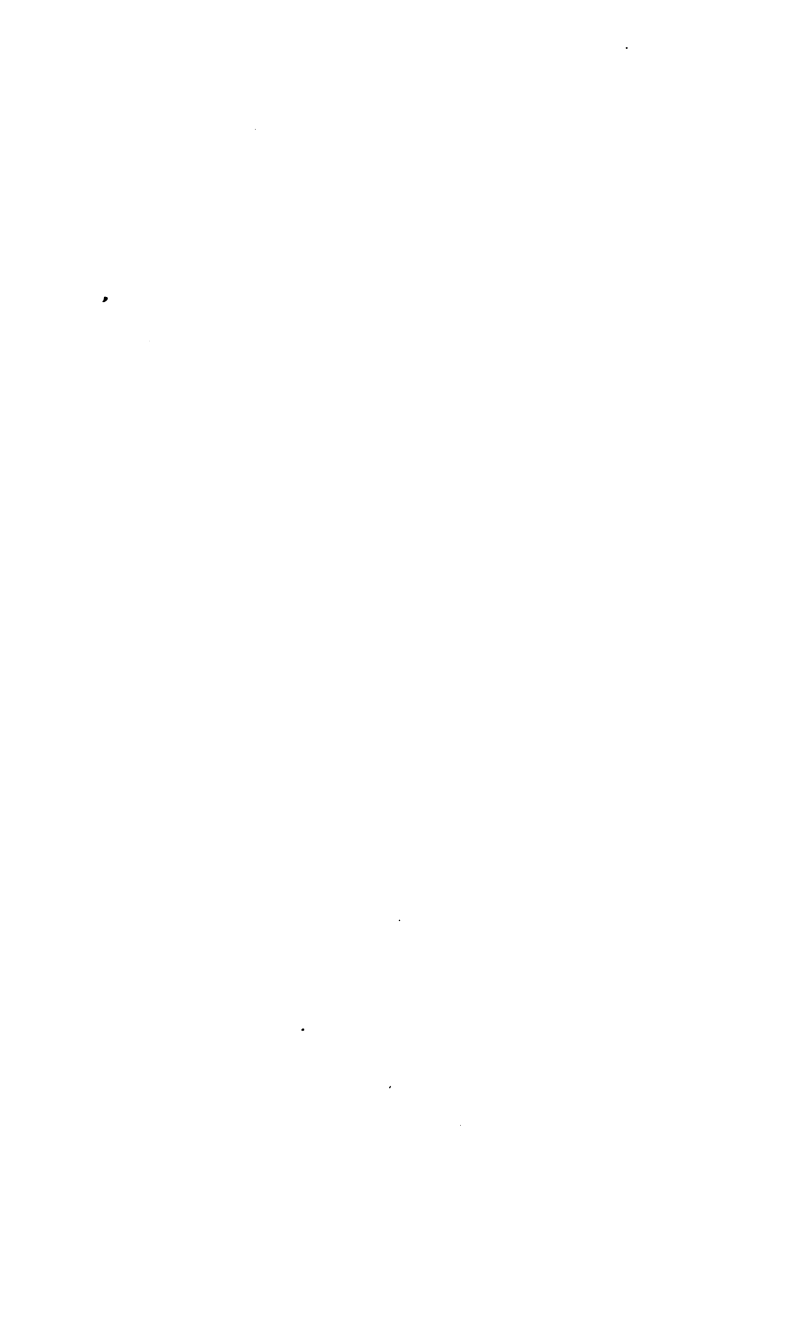
My God ! If 'tis thy great decree  
 That this must the last moment be  
 Wherein I breath this ayre ;  
 My heart obeyes joy'd to retreat  
 From the false favours of the great  
 And treachery of the faire.

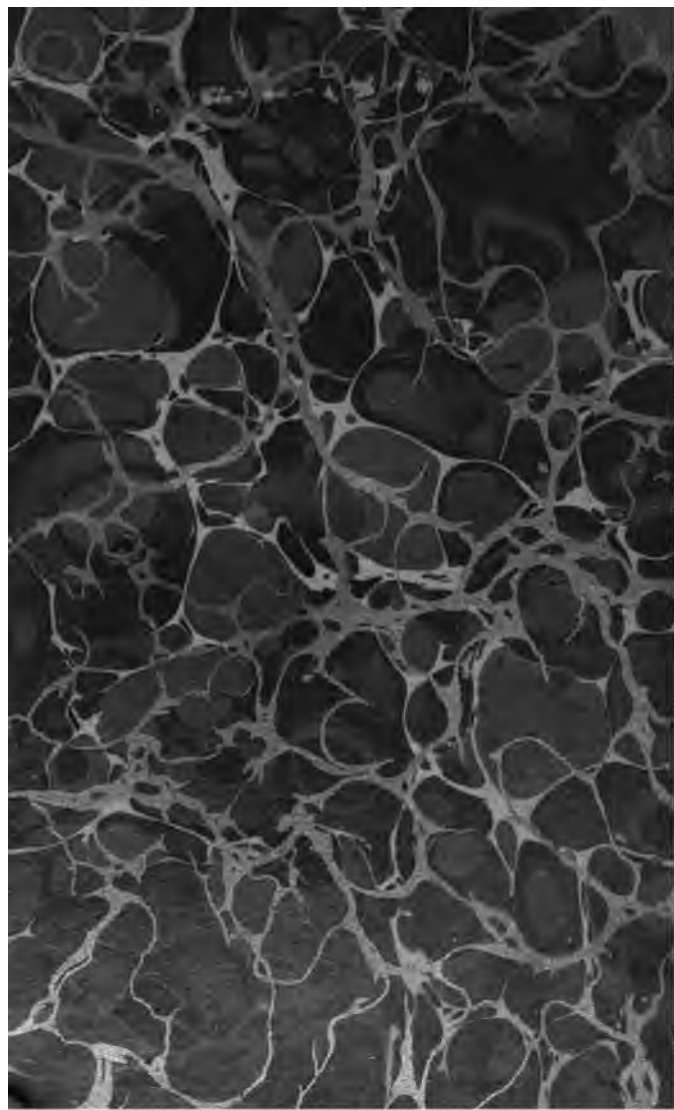
When thou shalt please this soule t' enthrone,  
 Above impure corruption ;  
 What shall I grieve or feare.  
 To thinke this breathlesse body must  
 Become a loathsome heape of dust  
 And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when Ore is tryed,  
 And by that torment purified :  
 Doe we deplore the losse ?  
 And when thou shalt my soule refine,  
 That it thereby may purer shine  
 Shall I grieve for the droffe ?

*F I N I S.*







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